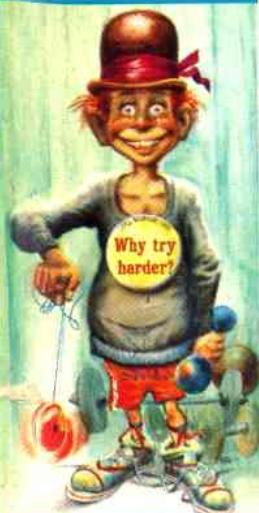


AUGUST, No. 62



Let Us  
Entertain You

PDC

# SICK

## 101 Hippie Jokes

ALL FOR  
35¢

40¢  
in Canada



B.Wiseman

**BONUS**  
HIP, WILD  
FULL-SIZE  
GLOSSY

DRAFT DODGERS EYE CHART

# DRAFT DODGERS EYE CHART

O

1

2

3

4

T H E

A T M O S P H E R E

N O T H I N G

X P L O D E S

Based on a visual angle  
of one minute:

$\frac{20}{200}$

$\frac{20}{100}$

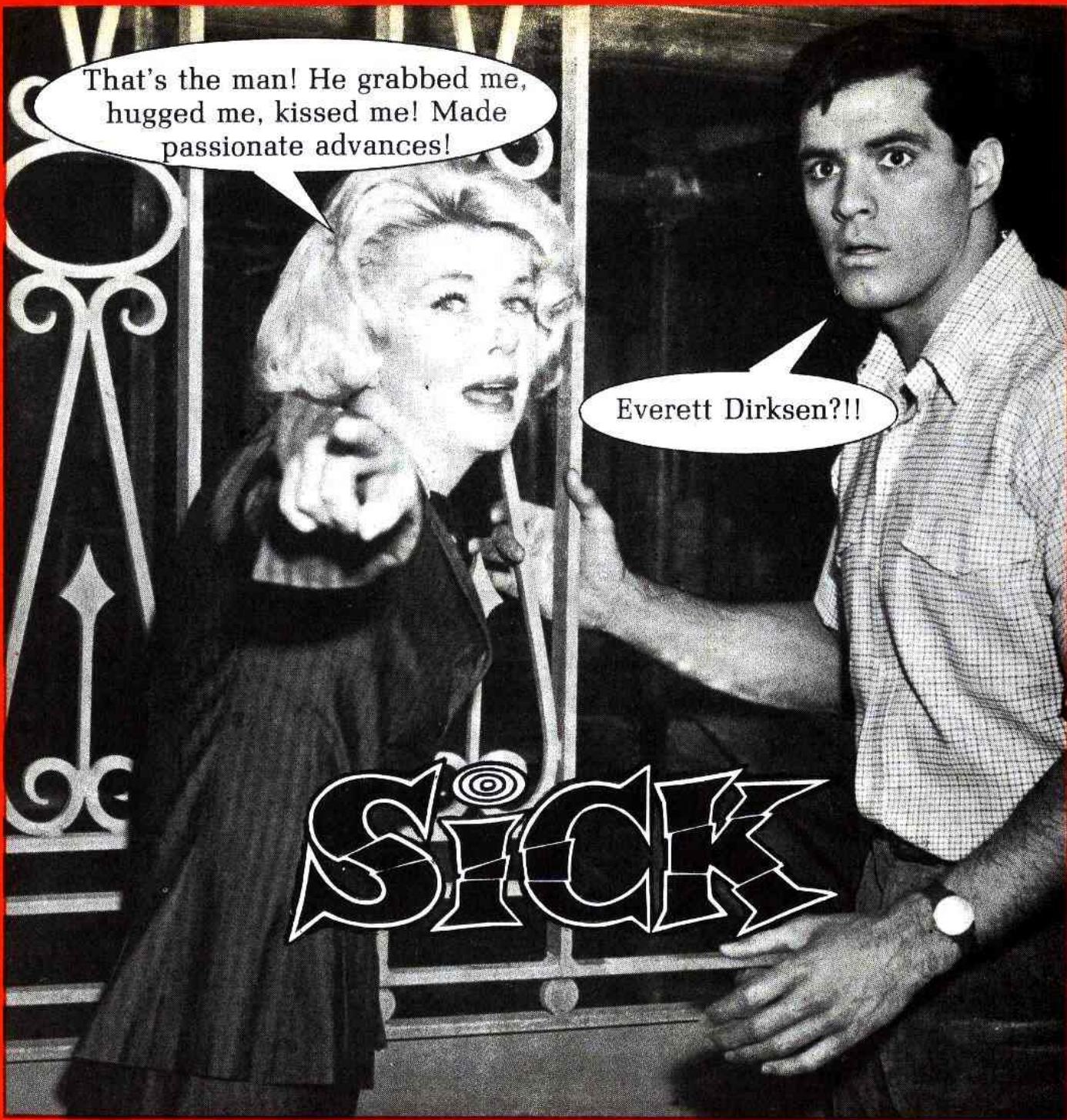
$\frac{20}{70}$

200 FT  
61 M

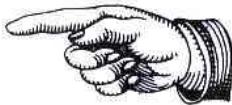
100 FT  
30.5 M

70 FT  
21.3 M

50 FT.



Volume 8, No. 6 August, 1968 No. 62



Remove staples carefully  
for your **BONUS POSTER**.  
Then, after you have ruined  
this magazine, go out and  
buy another. Who wants to  
read a beat-up magazine?

**Joe Simon, Editor ...**

**Fred Wolfe, Associate Editor**

**Paul Laikin, New York Correspondent... Jim Atkins, Washington Correspondent**  
**B. Wiseman, Art Director**   **Melissa Jane, Messages**

**James Richard, Campus**

**Jack Scott, West Coast**

**Angelo Torres, Pa.**

**Lynn Lichty, Ohio**

**Louise Miller, Pen Pals**

**Fran Dibacco, Science**

**Ivan Golownjew,**

**Moscow**

**Calvin Castine,**

**Champlain**

SICK is published monthly, except January, April, July and October by Crestwood Publishing Co., Inc., Editorial and executive offices: 32 West 22nd Street, New York, New York 10010. Single copy 35¢; subscription rate in the United States and possessions, \$2.40 for 8 issues. Elsewhere, \$3.00. Second-class postage paid at New York, N.Y., and at additional mailing offices. Not responsible for unsolicited manuscripts and all material must be accompanied by stamped, self-addressed envelope. Entire contents copyright 1968 by Crestwood Publishing Co., Inc. All rights reserved. Copyright under the Universal Copyright Conventions and the International Copyright Convention, reserved under the Pan-American Convention. Printed in U.S.A.

# The Dirty



**SICKCERELY  
YOURS..**

Please write to:  
SICK Magazine  
32 West 27 Street  
New York N.Y. 10010

Harold Holt (who he?) and I intend a challenge to Samuel Olney and Huckleberry Fink. We feel confident that we could thrash them in a bag-team match, unless you yanks find a way to fix the fight—like you did the America's Cup. Phar Laft's death must not go unrevenged! Australians buy your "Satirical" magazine not only because we enjoy laughing at you twits, but also because the money spent on it is deductible. The Australian Government feels we are contributing to a worthy charity—mental illness in the U.S.A.

Robert Dalton  
Geelong West  
Victoria, Australia

*Ed: We'll buy that.*

I've read your magazine and I think you really have something. Bill Majeski is doing great. I enjoyed all of his scripts. The Professor writes real sick stuff, but I still like it. B. Wiseman's art is really good. I can't say enough for your magazine.

Douglas Hall  
Braintree, Mass.

*Ed: Say it, say it!*

Could you please kindly inform me whether you still stock any copies of "Dancing", one of your publications which you advertised in "Army Laughs" of January this year. I am genuinely interested in learning dancing from your advertised book. I will be much obliged to you if you could

give me the information, and I can guarantee to buy at least two copies.

N.G.G. Trading Co. Ltd.  
P.O. Box 459 Lae  
Morobe District  
New Guinea

*Ed: You wouldn't like it, its all about the waltz.*

For Sale: 1965 Volkswagen used only once by a young couple who signed a suicide pact. In excellent condition except for some lipstick on the exhaust pipe.

Jim Bates  
Pittsburgh, Pa.

*Ed: Didn't we tell you to stop writing to us!!*

In one article I saw a TEENMOBILE. It said to save your cereal box tops. About how many box tops do I need to save? Is the TEENMOBILE a car you can ride in? Is it the real car or a model? How much weight can it hold?

165 North Crawley St.  
Hughesville, Pa.

*Ed: The Teenmobile is no longer in production, but we are contemplating a new model called the Edsel. By the way, you forgot to sign your name, if you have one.*

I love all of you in the magazine staff—your magazine is passed from person to person here in the dorm ... so there is never a second of sad-

# Movie



ness except when someone steals a copy! We especially enjoyed "Hippies in Suburbia." So keep up the good and cool entertainment and keep a lot of depressed college students "sick" and entirely happy. By the way, I would love correspondence from a short, blond 18-20 year old male. I myself, am 4'11", 90 lbs., blue eyes and blonde hair—I love the "Stones" and Jimi Hendrix!

Anna Blythe  
Agnes Edwards Dorm  
B-307  
Lafayette, Louisiana

I've read your magazine for a long time and it is the greatest. We need Sick as a ray of sunshine in this other-

wise dark and troubled world.

Louise Foley  
Rhodell, W.Va.

*Ed: Like a hole in the head.*

In your article "Self Defense for Girls" in the December "Sick", you left out the most effective defense of all. No man dares approach a girl holding a copy of this mag. Seriously, I would like to write to a "Sick" type personality from a Commonwealth or Asian nation.

Jeff Fortier  
54 Richardson St.  
Bath, Maine 04530

*Ed: Try writing to Mao.*

It's hard to understand, but I still liked it. The Sick inventions were my favorite.

Thomas "Buggy" Watson  
Stella, N.C.

*Ed: We're going to invent a way to understand Sick.*

I am a Sick collector. I would like to know if you have any old copies of your magazine. If you do please tell me the price and the numbers of the magazines.

Bob Florentine  
Cleveland, Ohio

*Ed: Even our new copies are old—old jokes!*

## ROMANCE

GIRLS!... have you ever been bothered by the amorous advances of guys? Ever had to fight your way out of a car after that Saturday night date? Ever struggle with guys who seem to be all hands? If you **haven't**, then forget this article and go on to the next one... you're not a girl! Because every girl, no matter how ugly she is, has had

# ANSWERS TO

I could do a lot  
for a girl like you!

You could start  
by **disappearing!**

I could do a lot  
for you, honey.  
I could get you  
in the **movies!**

Why? You know  
an **usher?**



I could **teach**  
you to love me!

Forget it... I'm  
a terrible pupil!

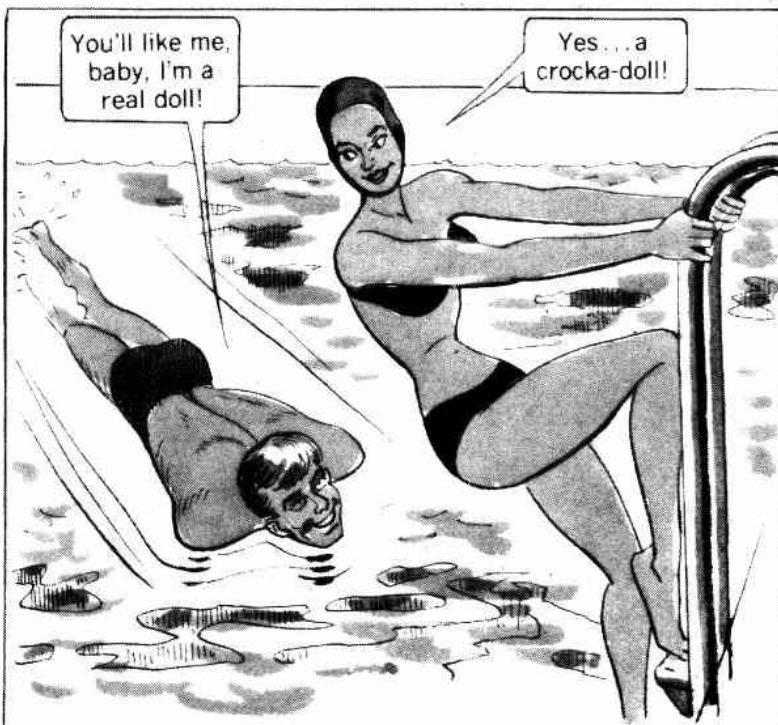


these things happen to her. Therefore, as a public service to you girls (and a strict disservice to guys) we have come up with answers that enable you to talk your way out of any situation before it gets out of hand. Just memorize the answers to these corny cliches that guys keep uttering and you'll be safe. So safe that nobody will ever want to have anything to do with you—not if you spout these...

# MAKE-OUT GUYS

Art by Al Bare

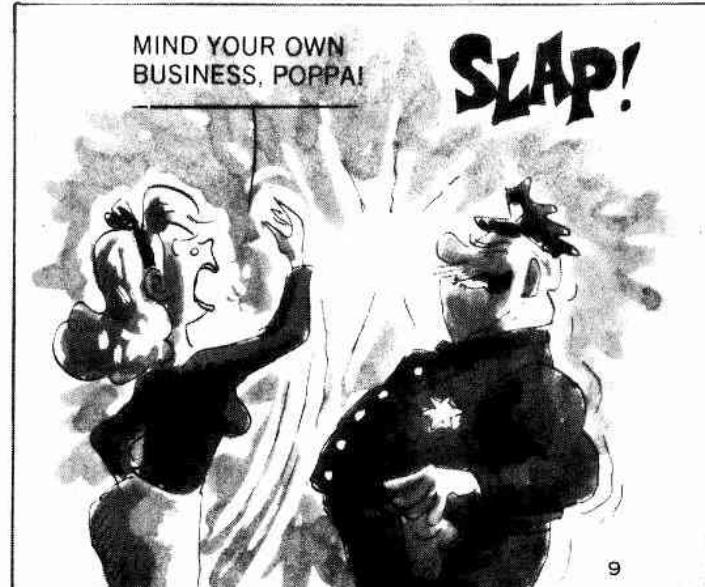
Script by Paul Laikin





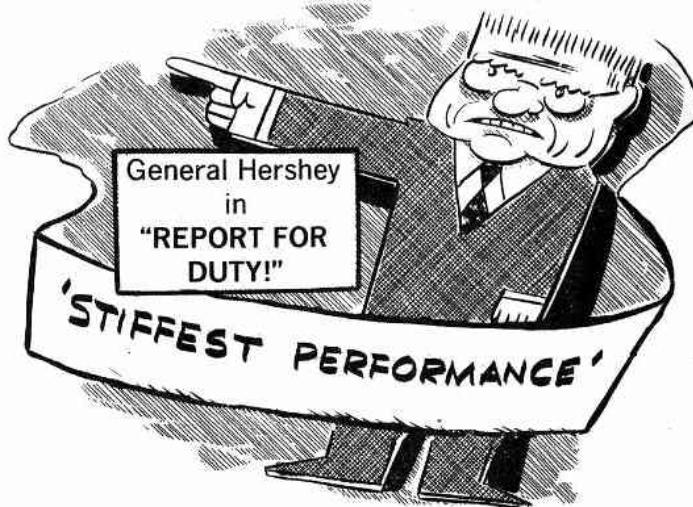
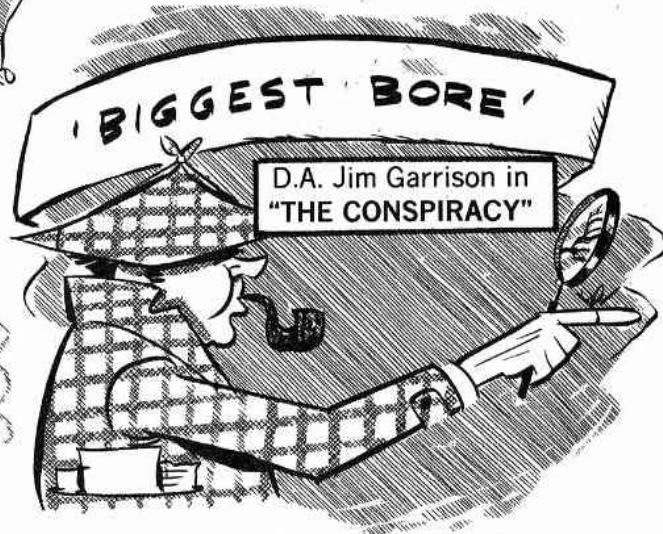
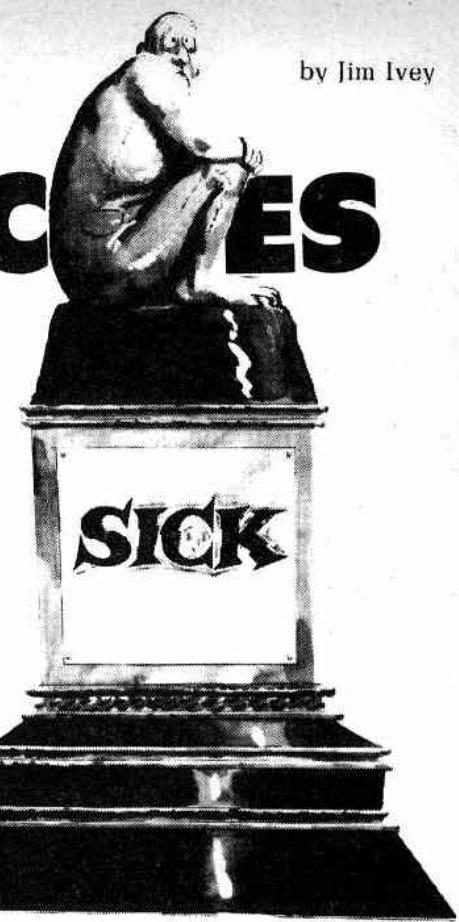
# TWISTS ON THE LATE-LATE SHOW

A PEACEFUL LITTLE TOWN IS INVADED BY CYCLISTS!



# For the BEST PERFORMANCES OF 1968

## THE SICK AWARDS





Just as the "Elephant Jokes" were the rage a few years back, today it's the "Hippie Jokes." In fact, staff writer Paul Laikin has just completed a book entitled "101 Hippie Jokes"—(you think he can make a living just writing for Sick?) And so, to offer our contribution to this new psychedelic phenomenon, we asked Paul Laikin to come up with 101 NEW hippie jokes for SICK. These jokes do not appear in the book (Pyramid, 50¢)—and after reading them you'll wish they hadn't appeared in this book (Sick, 35¢)—

# 101 Hippie Jokes

What does a hippie do with the garbage every night?  
He takes it IN!

How do you wake up a hippie?  
You pass the word along to the other hippies in the bed!

What do you call an aggressive hippie?  
A pushy-cat!

What made the hippie become a sky diver?  
Engine failure!

How do you bug a hippie?  
You hide a transmitter in his hair!

What is the Texas Panhandle?  
A hippie working a Dallas street corner!

How do two hippies fight?  
They flog each other with their hair!

How do you tell a male hippie from a female hippie?  
Ask it a question. If HE answers it's a male; if SHE answers it's a female!

How does a hippie drive a baby buggy?  
He tickles its feet!

Why did the hippie marry a fat ugly girl?  
That was his bag!

To a hippie, what is police brutality?  
Getting slapped by a cop while trying to kiss him!

What is the plural of hippie?  
Love-in!

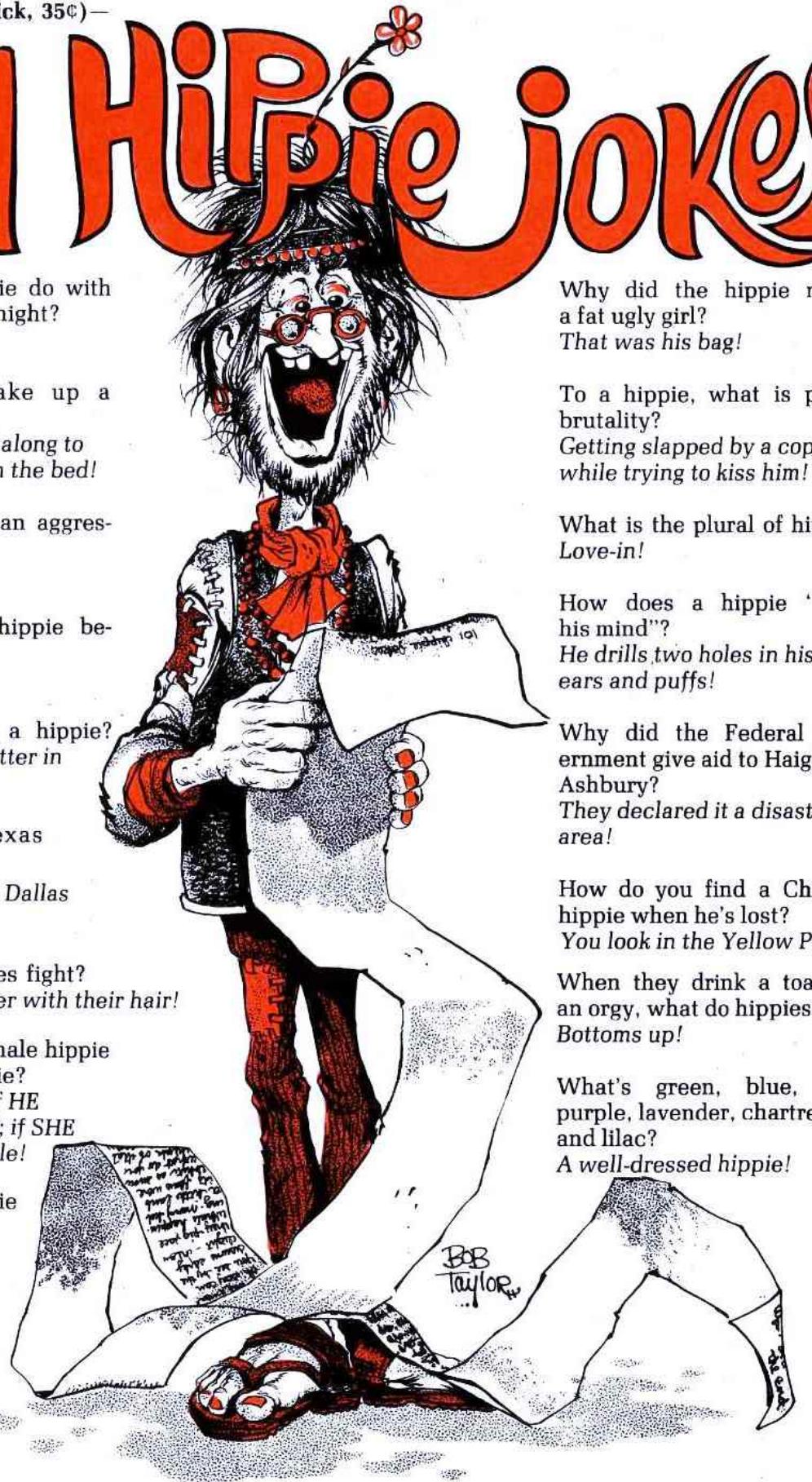
How does a hippie "blow his mind"?  
He drills two holes in his ears and puffs!

Why did the Federal Government give aid to Haight-Ashbury?  
They declared it a disaster area!

How do you find a Chinese hippie when he's lost?  
You look in the Yellow Pages!

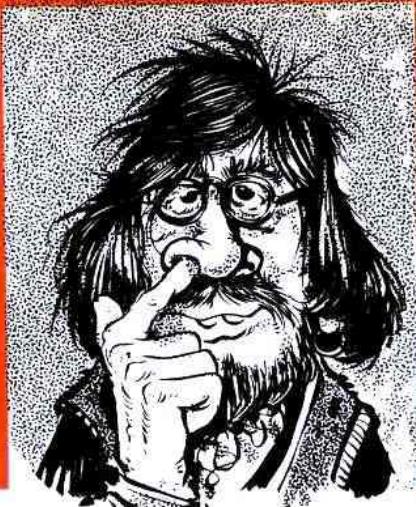
When they drink a toast at an orgy, what do hippies say?  
Bottoms up!

What's green, blue, red, purple, lavender, chartreuse and lilac?  
A well-dressed hippie!





How do you save the hair of a balding hippie?  
You put it in a box!



What do you get when you cross a hippie  
with a bird?  
A dirty bird!

Why did the hippie write his initials on his  
middle finger?  
He wanted a monogrammed handkerchief!

What do you get after two LSD cubes?  
Three LSD cubes!

Why did the hippie mother put her baby in  
a very high crib?  
So she could hear when it fell out!

What do you call a hippie who works in a  
bowling center?  
An alley-cat!



What made the hippie musician deaf?  
Playing the sitar by ear!

What flowers do you put on a hippie's grave?  
Weeping willows!

Where do you find a hippie with one leg  
named Rami?  
First find out the name of his other leg!

What do they call the bearded, barefoot,  
ill-kempt, dirty hippies of Haight-Ashbury?  
The Beautiful People!



What works faster than STP to explode your  
mind?  
TNT!

What happens when a hippie musician has  
an ax to grind?  
He brings it to the music store!



What flowers does a balding hippie wear  
on his head?  
Shrinking violets!



What sign do you see on grass lawns near Haight-Ashbury?  
"No Smoking!"

Who was that lady they saw the hippie out with last night?  
That was no lady, that was a man!

Why did the 86 hippies sleep in the park?  
Their room was being painted!



What makes a hippie's hair stand on end?  
The way he combs it!

What did the hippie say to his friend who threw up all over him?  
"You feel better now?"

What's a six-course hippie dinner?  
One espresso and five LSD cubes!

What is the hippie's message to the rabbits of America?  
"Go! Go!"

Why aren't there any hippies working at the 5 & 10 Stores?  
They can't remember the prices!

What did Timothy Leary talk about in his two-hour speech at Berkeley?  
He didn't say!

Why did the hippie take LSD for 12 years?  
He wanted to prove it wasn't habit-forming!



When did the hippie regret saying, "Sock it to me, baby?"!  
When he said it to a teeny bopper!

How do you get down from a duck?  
You don't. You get down from a hippie!

What happened to the square who took an LSD trip?  
He saw Lawrence Welk!



Why did the hippie give up flying?  
His arms got tired!



How does a hippie get a green beret?  
By mugging a Girl Scout!

How do you prepare a Hippie Sundae?  
Start getting him ready Fridae and Saturdae!

How did the topless girl hippie have an accident?  
While playing the cymbals!



What did the monkey have on its back?  
A hooked hippie!

What did the hippie say when somebody threw acid in his face?  
Thank you!

Why do girl hippies wear yellow slacks?  
To tell them apart from the boy hippies!

What do you call a cowardly hippie guitar player?  
A chicken plucker!

How do you get a hippie to smoke?  
You light a fire in his hair!

When was the hippie girl arrested for indecent exposure?  
While she was fully clothed!

How do you make a slow hippie fast?  
You don't give him anything to eat!

What do they call a hippie boy and girl who get married in Greenwich Village?  
The Odd Couple!

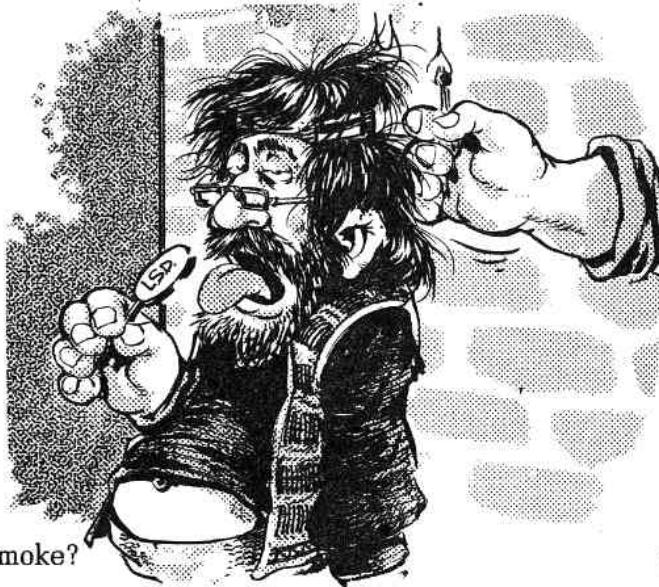


How did the hippie cure his hearing problem?  
He took a haircut!

Who invented the Bugaloo?  
A hippie taking his first shower!

What did the Martian say to the hippie?  
"What are you, some kind of a nut?"

How do you attract a hippie's attention?  
You move your hand slowly back and forth  
in front of his eyes!





## MORE Hippie Jokes

Why did the hippie oversleep after setting his alarm for eight?  
There were NINE sleeping in the bed!

What happens when you wind up a hippie doll?  
Nothing. You have to turn it on!

Why did the beauty salon fire the hippie hairdresser?  
He was all pinkies!

How do you pin a hippie down?  
You put your knees on his arms and count to three!

What is the real danger of LSD?  
Taking a trip and seeing the real danger of LSD!

What is the quickest way to get an automobile dirty?  
Run over a hippie!

What is gross neglect?  
144 hippies!

What happened when the hippie couple wanted to fly United?  
The stewardess wouldn't let them!

Why did the hippie take his pregnant wife to the grocery store?  
He heard they had free delivery!

What is the hardest thing for a hippie to do?  
Recite a Buddhist chant with a mouthful of hashish!

Why was the hippie all broken up?  
He hadn't had his FIX!

How do you tell the bride at a hippie wedding?  
He's the one in the dress!

What is a dope ring?  
Eight hippies in a huddle!

When does a hippie have his clothes washed?  
When it rains!

What does a hippie do when they call him a sissy?  
He hits them with his beads!

What is "psychedelic" spelled backwards?  
Ridiculous!

What does the flower girl throw at a hippie wedding?  
Matches!

Why did the hippie take a job in a bakery?  
He "kneaded" the "bread!"

What did the hippie say to the pigeon on his window-sill?  
"Any messages?"

Come on down from that ceiling, Mr. Leary,  
and put out that funny cigarette!

This is the last time  
I buy those cheap  
home permanents!

# SICK WANTS YOU--n HELP!



In order that we, the editors of SICK Magazine, may give you one of the most entertaining magazines on the newsstands today, we would like your personal appraisal and views of SICK. This will guide our editorial and pictorial content on future issues. Naturally, since we will be guided by your answers in formulating our future plans, it is important that your answers to the following questions be as accurate as possible.

1. How often do you buy SICK Magazine?

Every Month

Every Other Month

No Specific Time

If you do not purchase SICK Magazine on a regular basis, what is it that attracts you when you do buy it?

2. Based on personal opinion, what is there in SICK Magazine that holds your interest?

3. Are you satisfied with the subject matter in SICK Magazine based on issues you have read? YES ..... NO ..... If "No," do you have any recommendations?

4. In your opinion, would SICK have greater consumer appeal if it dealt with—in satirical and humorous form—current events, i.e. Vice President Hubert Humphrey's visit to East Asia, Jacqueline Kennedy's travel in various parts of the world, etc. YES ..... NO

5. Do you prefer stories involving popular teen-age personalities and groups? YES ..... NO

6. Do you have any comments concerning illustrations, subject matter, and editorial? YES ..... NO

7. What is your opinion regarding special items on a specific town which is completely removed from you? YES ..... NO ..... If "YES," please explain

8. Do special movie interpretations appeal to you? YES ..... NO

9. Are there any special features you would like to see included in SICK Magazine?

10. What are your favorite magazines? List four (4).

11. Of the magazines listed, do you read them regularly or on occasion?

NAME OF MAGAZINE

REGULARLY

OCCASIONALLY

NAME: .....

ADDRESS: .....

AGE: .....

MALE OR FEMALE: .....

SCHOOL

ELEMENTARY .....

HIGH SCHOOL .....

COLLEGE .....

MILITARY

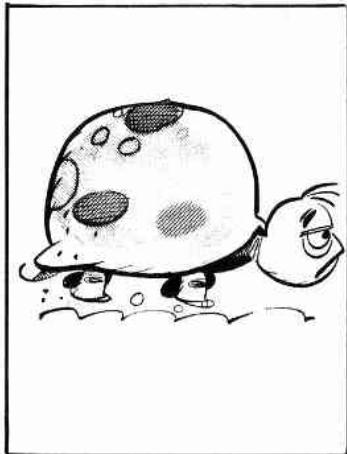
OCCUPATION

Please write to SICK Magazine,  
32 West 22 Street,  
New York, N.Y. 10010

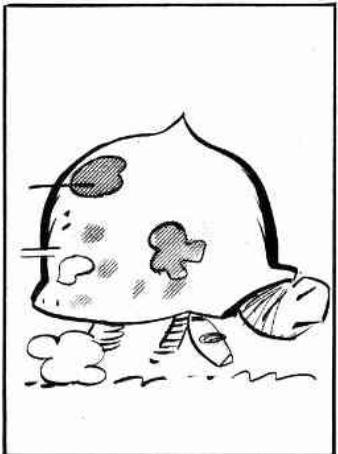
# Newer Theories on-- EVOLUTION

Script by Jim Ivey

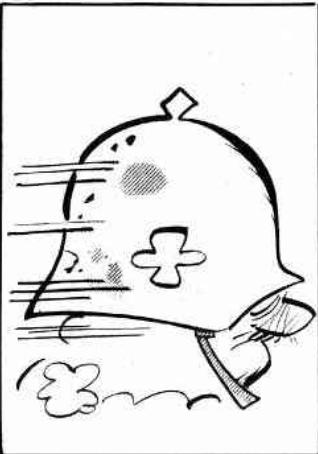
Art by Bill Kresse



Slow



• • • •



• • • •



Fast



Cave



• • • •



• • • •



Shelter



18

Dress



• • • •



• • • •



Mini

BILL  
KRESSE



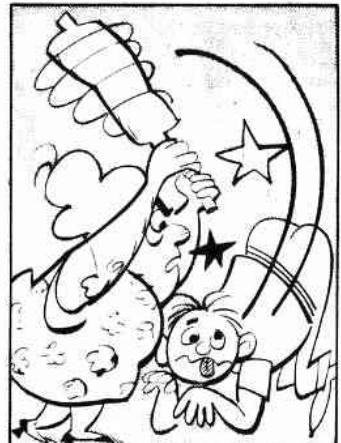
Tree

Umbrella



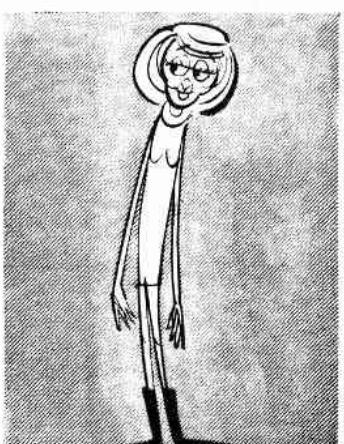
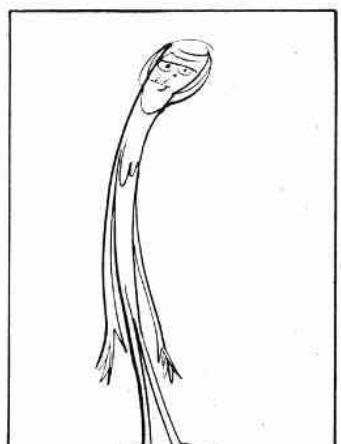
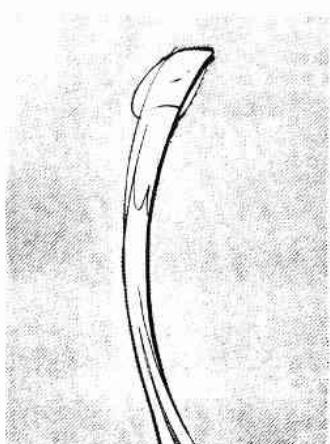
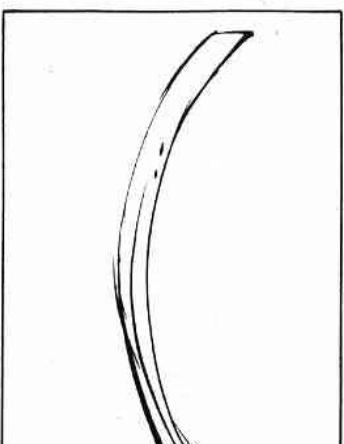
Nude

Topless



Romance

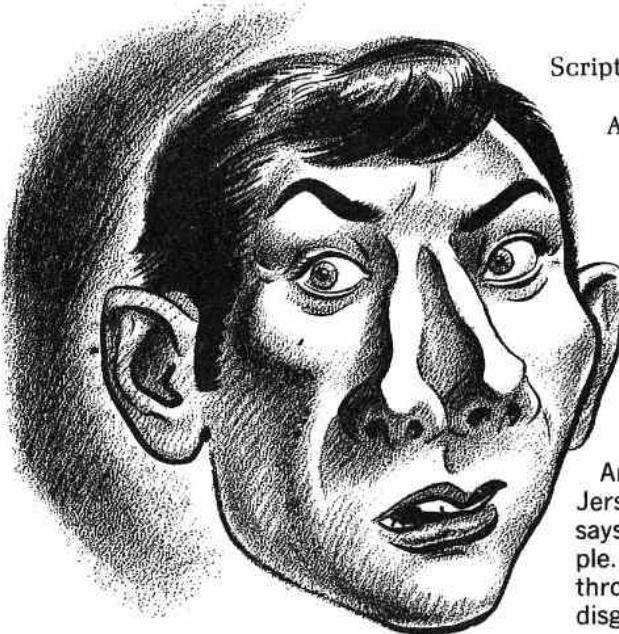
Matrimony



Adam's Rib

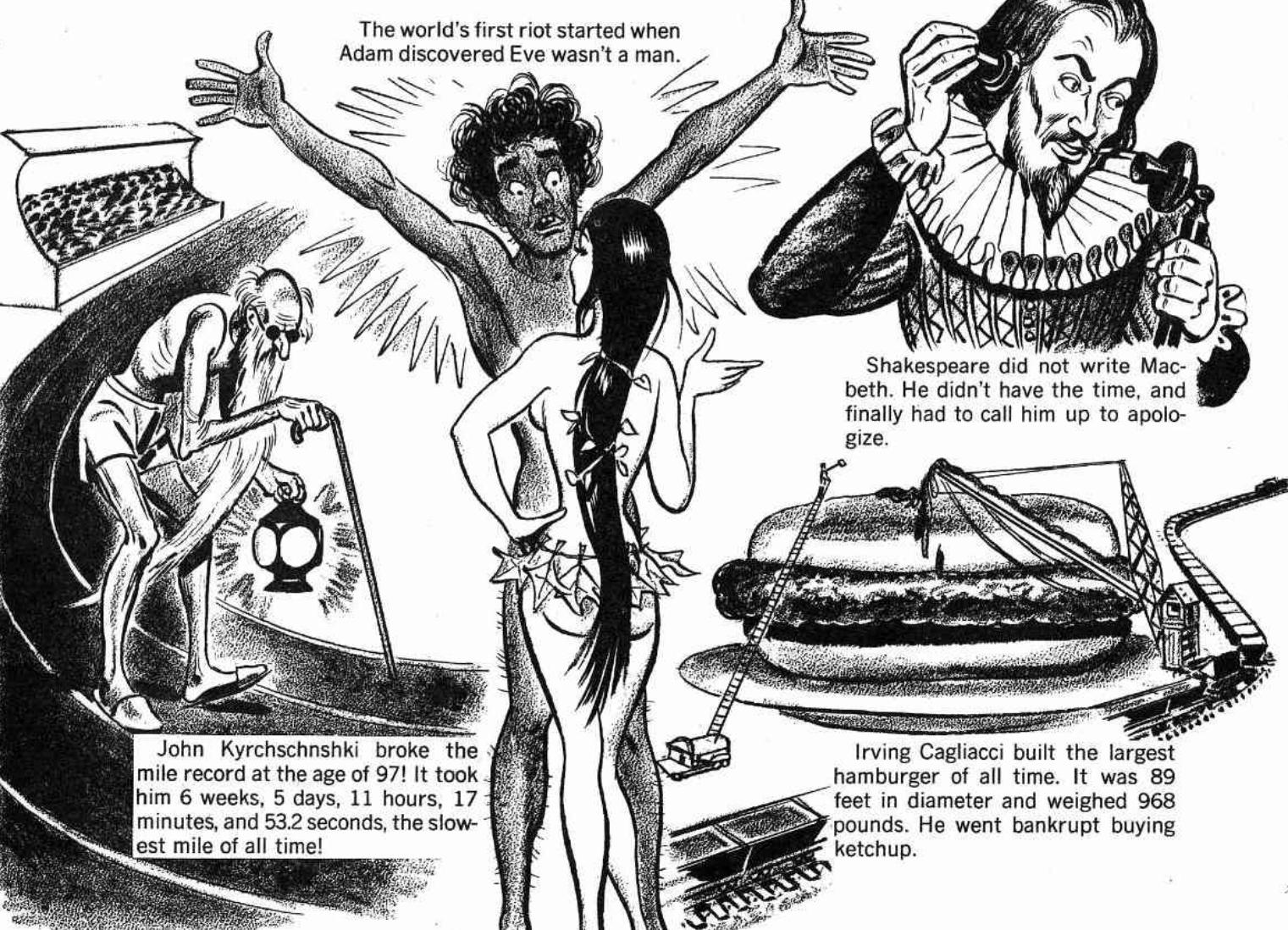
Twiggy

# SICK AS IT SEEKS



Script by Bob Heit

Art by Al Bare



The first popular collection of strange facts was Ripley's "Believe It Or Not." It divided the nation into two parts:

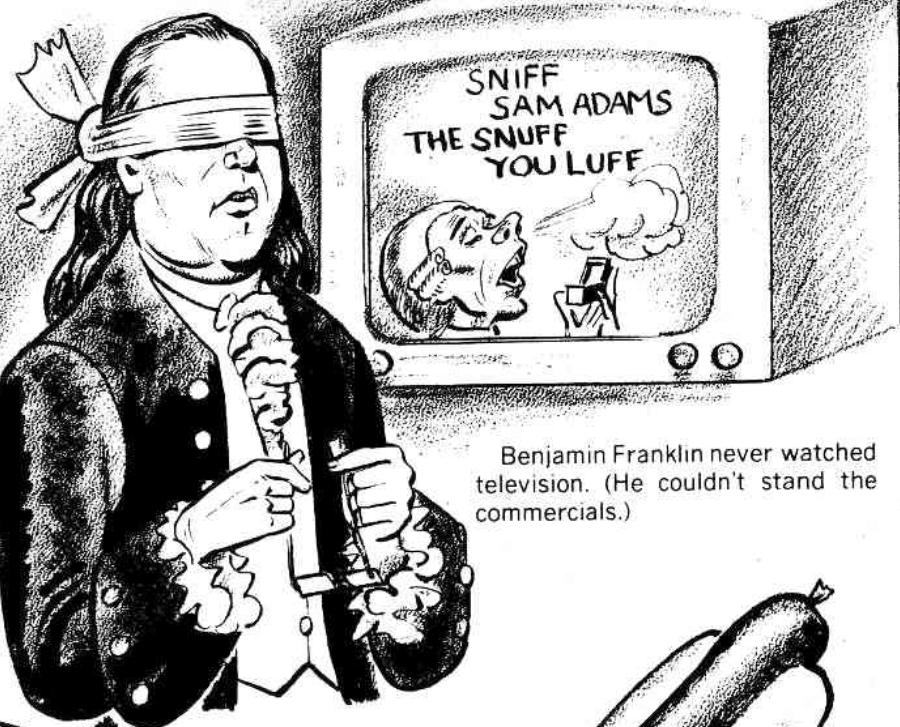
- A. Those that did.
- B. Those that didn't.

Then came "Strange As It Seems," which divided the nation into three parts:

- A. Those who thought it strange.
- B. Strange people who thought it perfectly natural.
- C. Those who couldn't read.

And now, for the first time anywhere, "Sick As It Seems," a collection of facts so strange, so odd, so unbelievable, that the nation will unite in one single reaction: SICK!

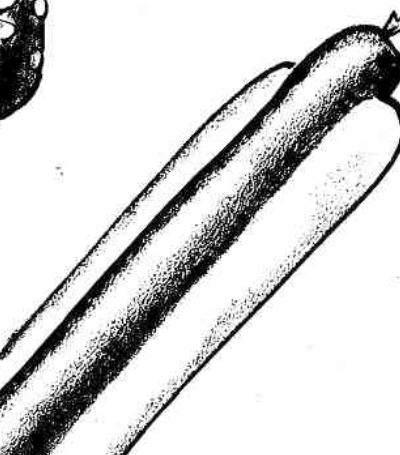
The largest building in Spoonerville, Indiana, was 23 floors high and had no doors or windows. It had to be torn down when it was discovered that the people outside couldn't get in, and the people inside couldn't get out.



Benjamin Franklin never watched television. (He couldn't stand the commercials.)



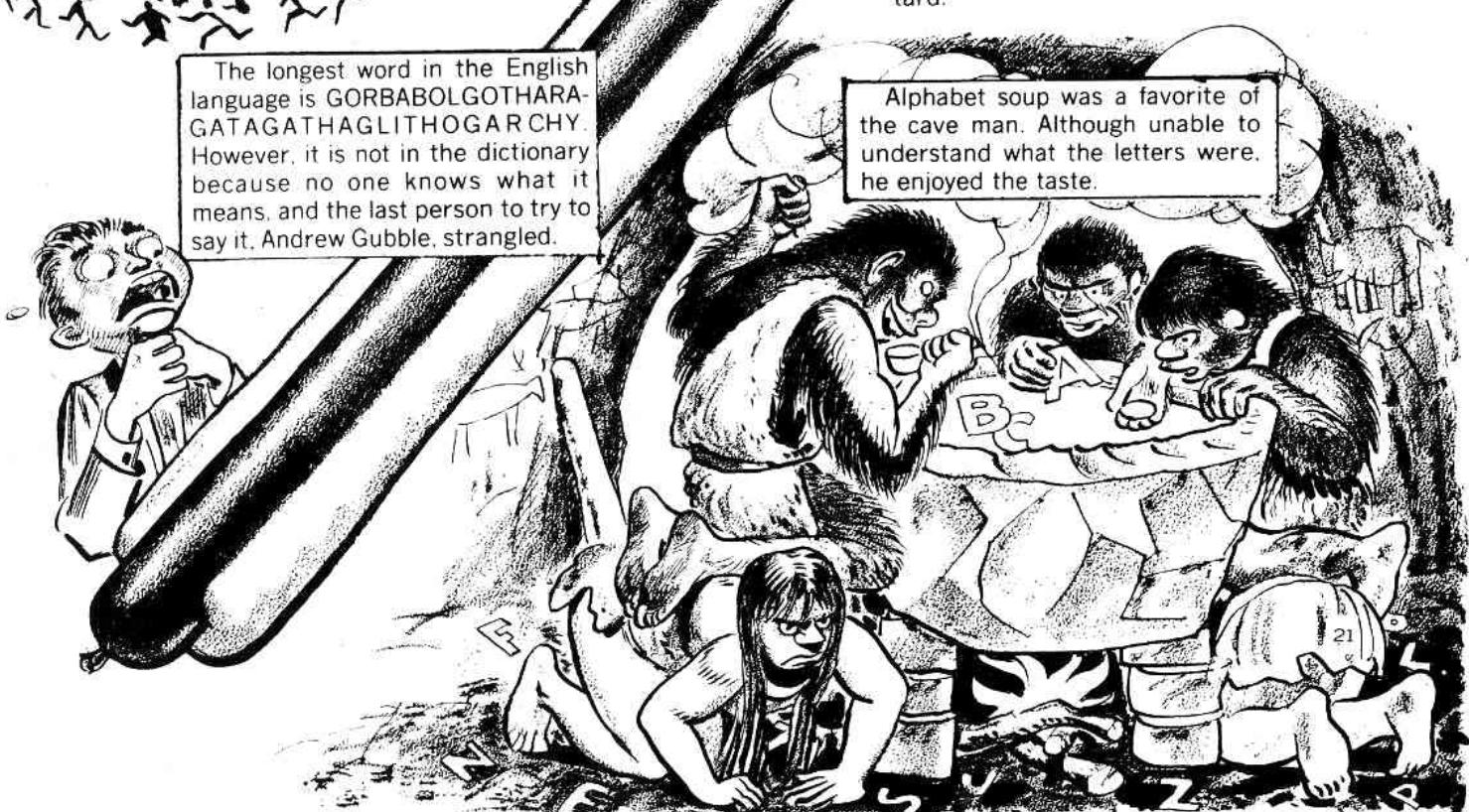
Bernie Frunch, of Dry Gulch, Nevada, has 5 toes on each foot. Altogether this makes 15 toes.



For a picnic celebrating the 50th Anniversary of Mr. and Mrs. Ellsworth Glut, a 50 foot long frankfurter was made. It weighed 92 pounds and had a circumference of 28 inches. However, it was not eaten because they forgot to bring mustard.

The longest word in the English language is GORBABOLGOTHARA-GATAGATHAGLITHOGARCHY. However, it is not in the dictionary because no one knows what it means, and the last person to try to say it, Andrew Gubble, strangled.

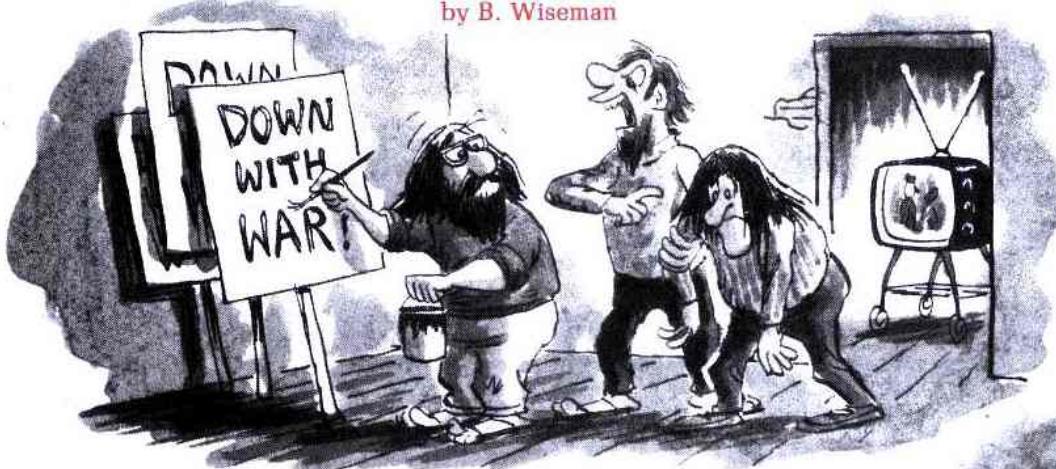
Alphabet soup was a favorite of the cave man. Although unable to understand what the letters were, he enjoyed the taste.





# PEACESNICKERS

by B. Wiseman



"I just caught this rat laughing at Gomer Pyle!"



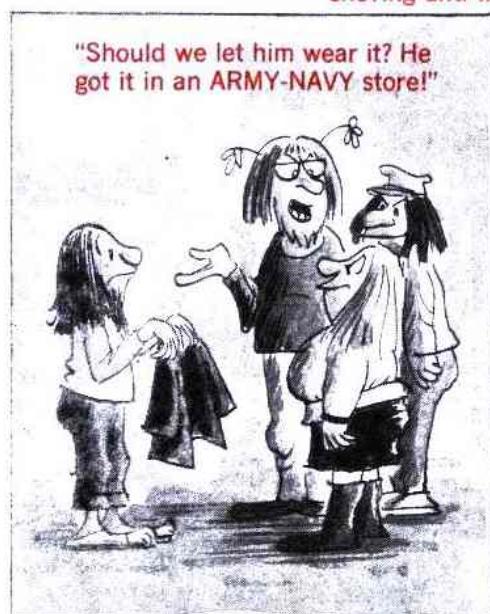
"You go march around and around them!"



"This is Naomi—She's done a lot of work for the shoving anti-war leaflets under doors."



"That sandwich looks pretty fresh to me—Are you sure you didn't use Dow Chemical's Saran Wrap?"



"Should we let him wear it? He got it in an ARMY-NAVY store!"



"He claims he just can't but I'm suspicious..."

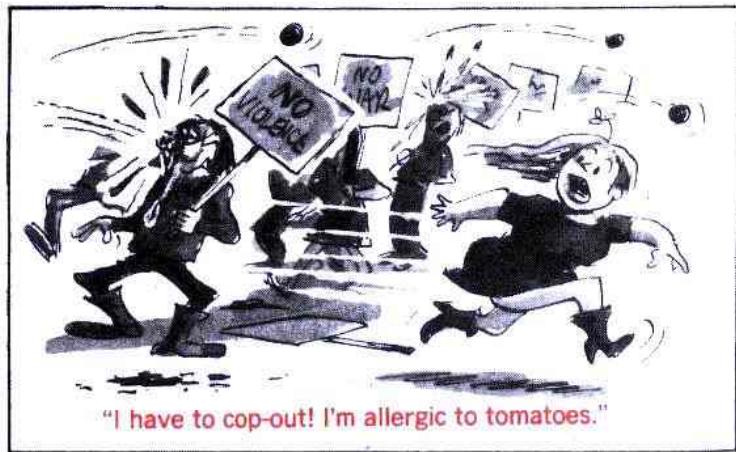


"Gregory! Watch how you're holding that."



cause,

"Sure I hate war, but my corns are killing me..."



"I have to cop-out! I'm allergic to tomatoes."



"Nancy! Remember your IDEALS!"



"Shouldn't we be against  
the war on RATS?"



"How can you bear to watch her?  
Don't you know she's called the  
blonde BOMBSHELL?"



t spell

# movie spoof

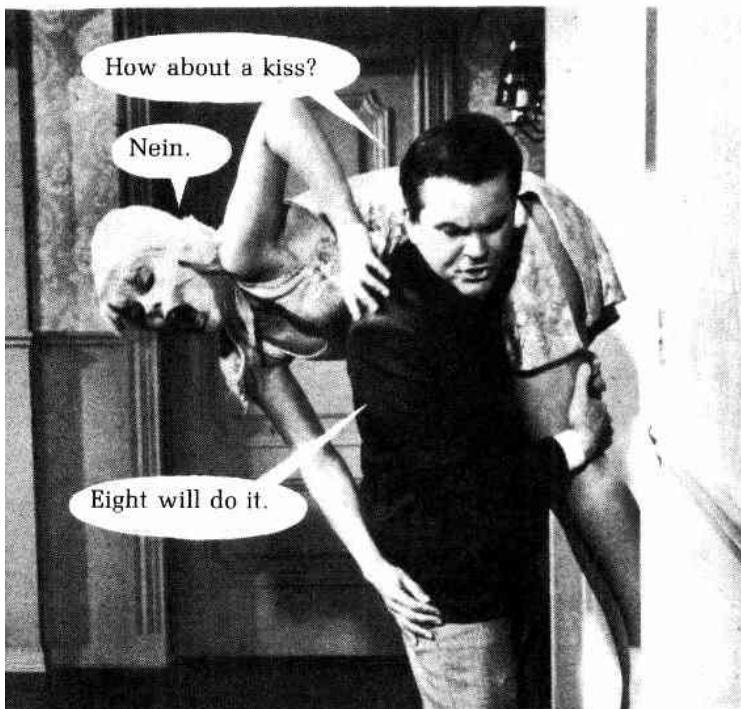
Oh, to be in Germany now that Sommer's there! Yes, avid movie-goers and flesh buffs alike, that's the central theme of Elke Sommer's new film, "The WICKED DREAMS OF PAULA SCHULTZ."

This story concerns the Olympics and, accordingly, seems to be completely in the hands of amateurs.

Running time is 113 minutes, which is just 87 minutes over the time it should have been.

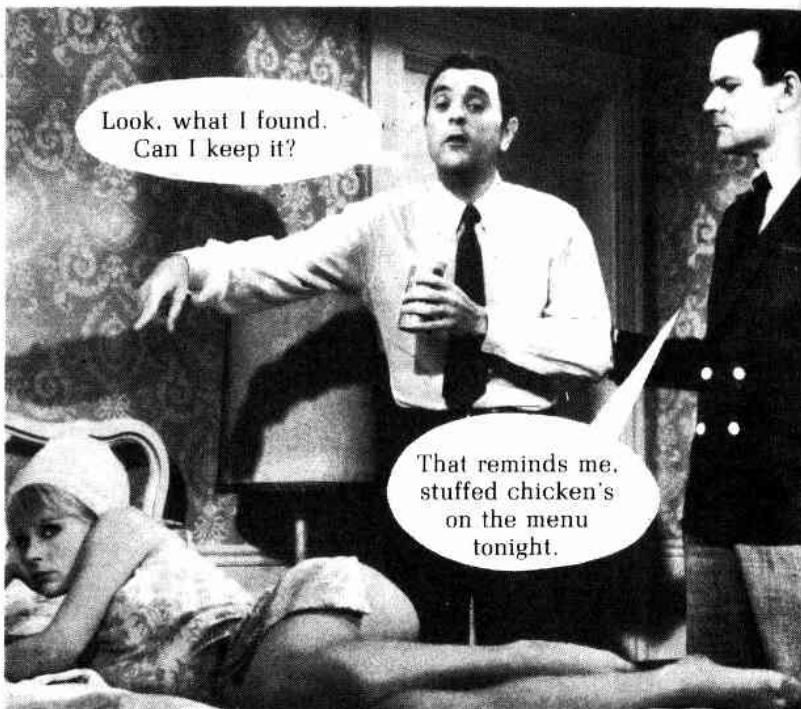
The film is an Edward Small Production. The firm seems to have some dreams of its own, but possibly is in for a rude awakening. The picture wasn't released; it pole-vaulted into public domain.

1—Elke Sommer—a girl for all seasons—is the type of girl who'd bend over backwards to be nice to people. She plays the part of an East German Olympic star specializing in broad jumping, pole vaulting and, naturally enough, bending over backwards to be nice to people. The shiek seen here, had some athletic endeavors of his own in mind and later chased Miss Sommer around the track. However, he tripped and stumbled on his loose burnoose and was sent back to his original job—teasing camels for tired Sultans.



4—Joey guided by an inner patriotic desire (at least that's what some people call it), secretes Sommer in his apartment until the time is ripe to get free. Elke is uncertain. She knows she's Sommer, but she figures she may be headed for a fall. He's carrying her into the hotel under the American plan—by force.

by Bill Majeski



5—Bob Crane, who plays a black market operator (it's a black market because it sells burned beef-steaks), realizes that Elke is some fine throw pillow, but that money comes first with him. How to capitalize on her assets and turn it into good ready dough? He has tried to sell her talents to the CIA, but they were too busy with their Orphan Annie decoder rings. Besides, they drank so much Ovaltine, they slept through the whole offer. Luckily Crane has arrived on the scene at this juncture. Because the film needs a Crane to lift some of the heavy jokes.

Why can't she just blow  
the foam off the head of the beer  
like everybody else?



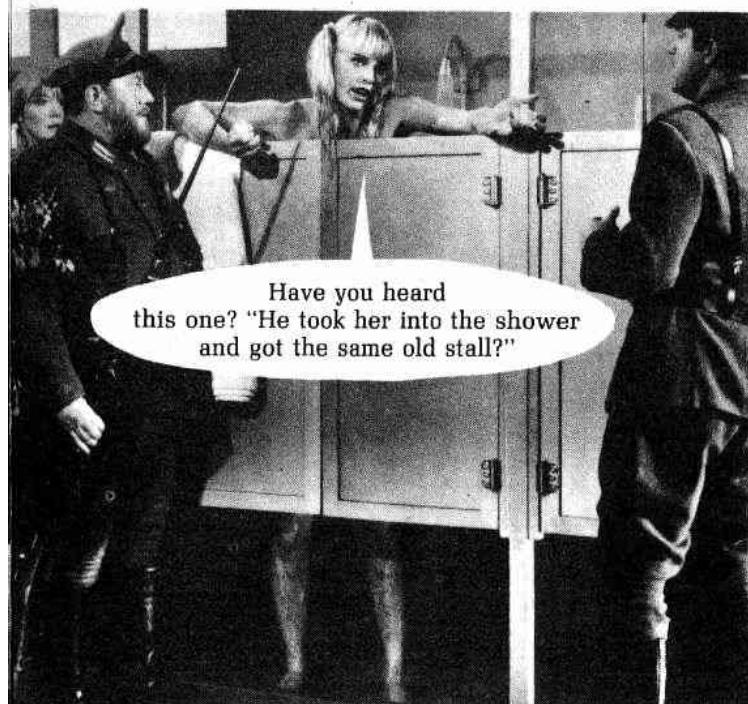
2—Paula demonstrates her leaping ability by clearing two champagne bottles and 10 mugs of beer in the running broad jump. Later she drinks the champagne and beer and gets even higher. Her form convinces these patriotic G.I.'s that she should be on America's side—especially after the Olympic games are over and everybody's gone home.

Just one bullet and  
that troublesome molar  
will be gone forever.



3—Joey Foreman and Maureen Arthur play a couple of Americans interested in getting through the picture without damaging their reps. They are also interested in smuggling Elke over to the American team against the wishes of the Communist officials. Miss Arthur is mistaken for a German because she's built like the big brick wall.

Have you heard  
this one? "He took her into the shower  
and got the same old stall?"



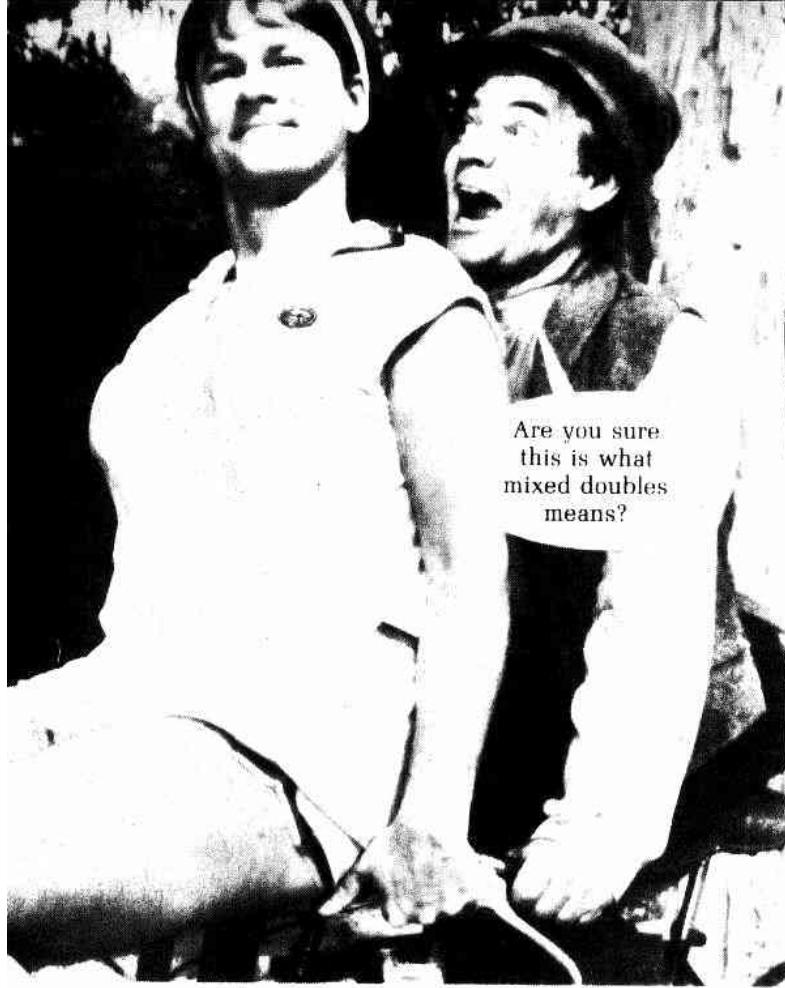
6—The East German officials are searching high and low for their missing track and field star. When they looked high they saw Elke's face. Looking low they saw Crane's legs. Fortunately, these men are bird watchers and they knew Crane's legs when they saw them. They were a little suspicious at first, but are pacified when Elke explains the discrepancy by insisting that when her voice changed, a lot of things went wrong at the same time.

Why don't you stop  
hounding me and  
give up?

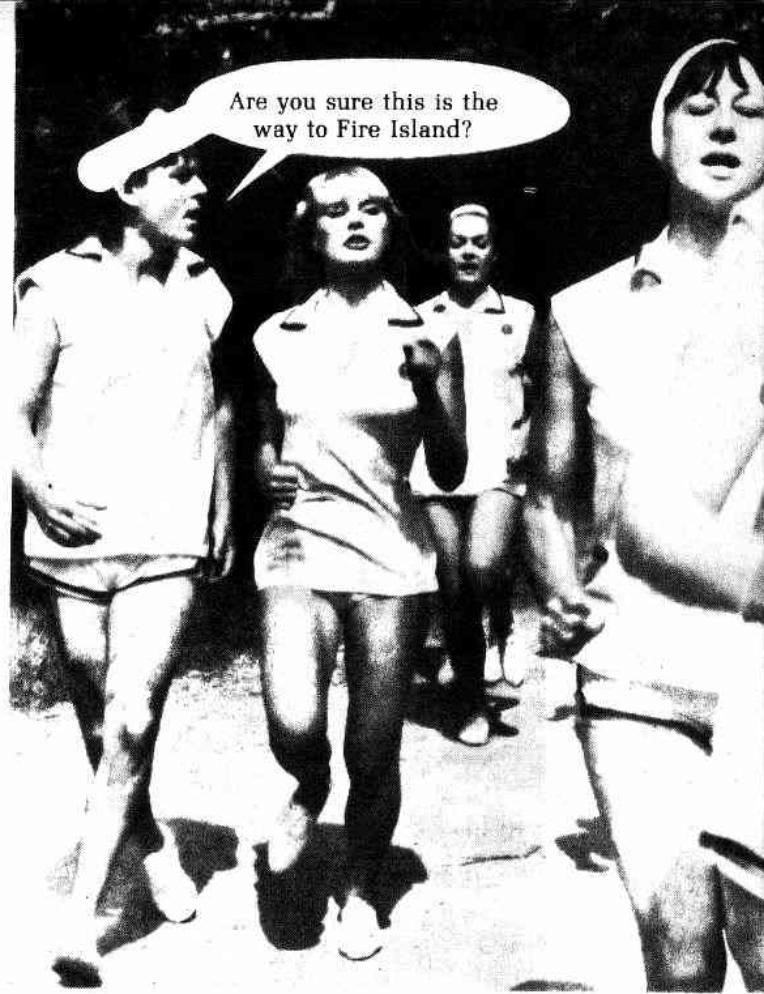
You're right. I think I will  
toss in the towel.



7—And the chase goes on. Down into the American's dressing room where Elke is ensconced. The agent confronts her and Elke, getting her dander (and towel) up, gives him a dressing down. Elke now enters the 100-meter wriggle; the heavyweight towel toss and the Watusi. In the recent Olympics, the East German girls were barred from heating their runners in the sled racing. With Elke around, no one is needed to heat up anything.



8—To aid his country and to improve his bankroll, Bob Crane enters the drag race competition to be near Elke. He must convince her of his love for her. And he must hand her back the towel she left in the dressing room. There were so many towels in this picture, that Cannon Products kept getting fan mail. Hotels were complaining. Usually patrons stuff towels into their suitcases. After this picture, they were stuffing blonde room maids into their bags.



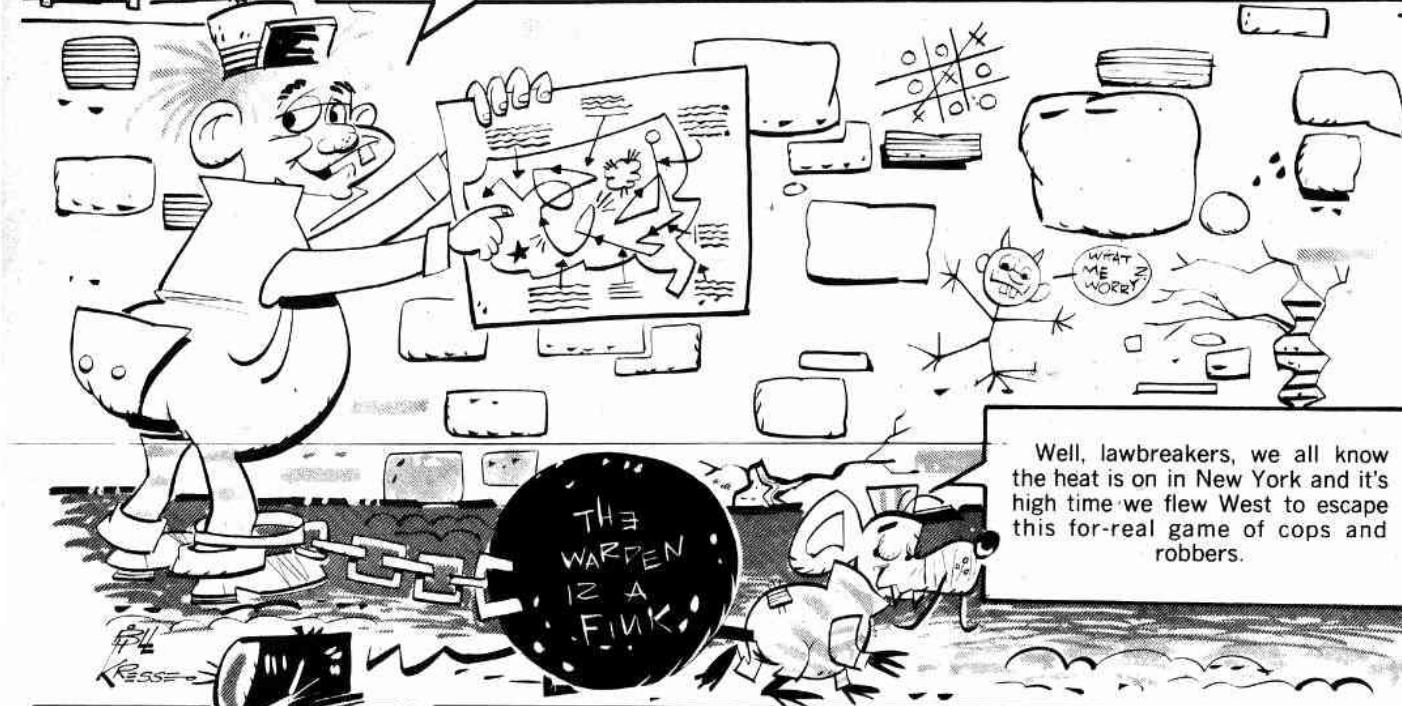
9—The picture is coming down the home stretch now, and not a moment too soon. Crane is dreaming he fell in love in his Maidenform T-shirt, and Elke is dreaming of the medals they'll pin on her sweatshirt. If she runs fast enough, the Good Conduct medal will be one of them. In this race, three cases of athlete's foot were reported, but no one showed up to claim them.



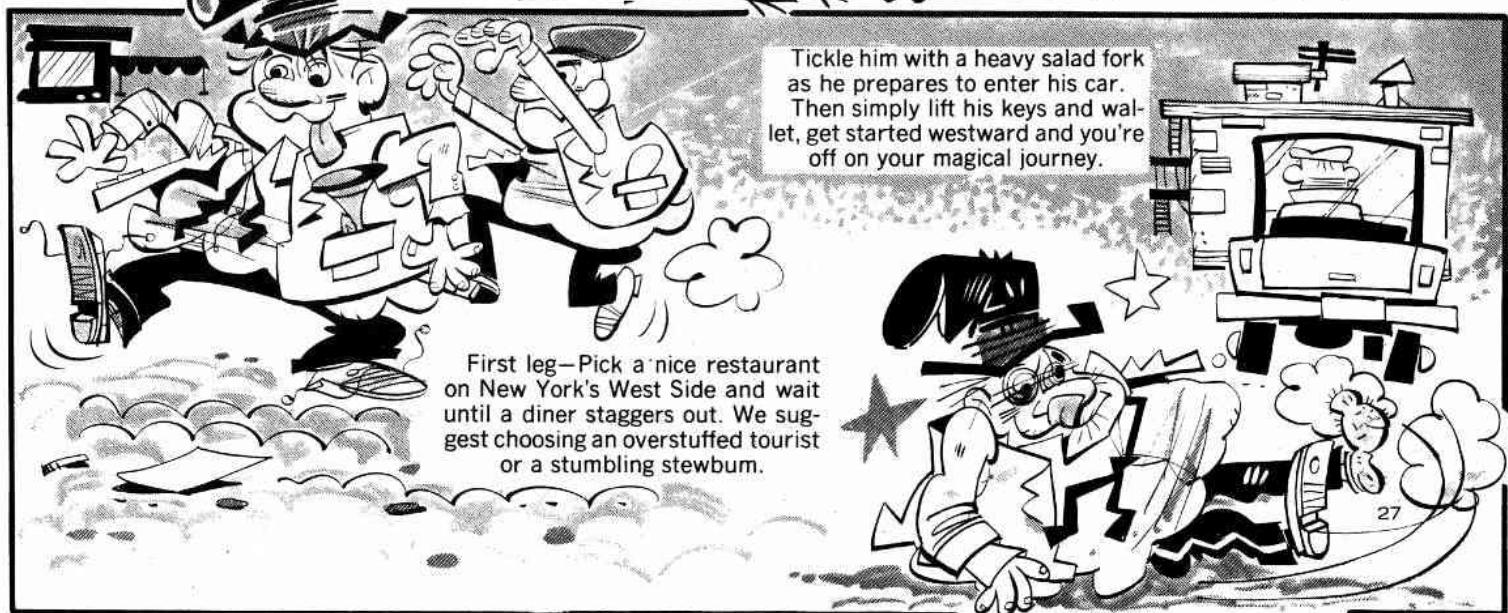
10—Well, Elke's a heroine. She is given so many medals they rip her sweatshirt down and she proves that she really has given her all for her new country. The United States wins the Olympics, once again making the world safe for pole vaulters and discuss throwers. But not necessarily for movie-goers.

# Cross-Country GETAWAY TOUR FOR HOODLUMS ON THE LAM

There are foundations and publications devoted to just about every group in this country. We have a newsletter for acne sufferers, and an association for the advancement of short bricklayers. But no one has ever seen fit to aid the group that needs some guidance, some direction. We're talking about hoodlums on the lam. Where do they go? As a public service, SICK presents herewith a cross-country tour plan for hoodlums on the lam.



Well, lawbreakers, we all know the heat is on in New York and it's high time we flew West to escape this for-real game of cops and robbers.

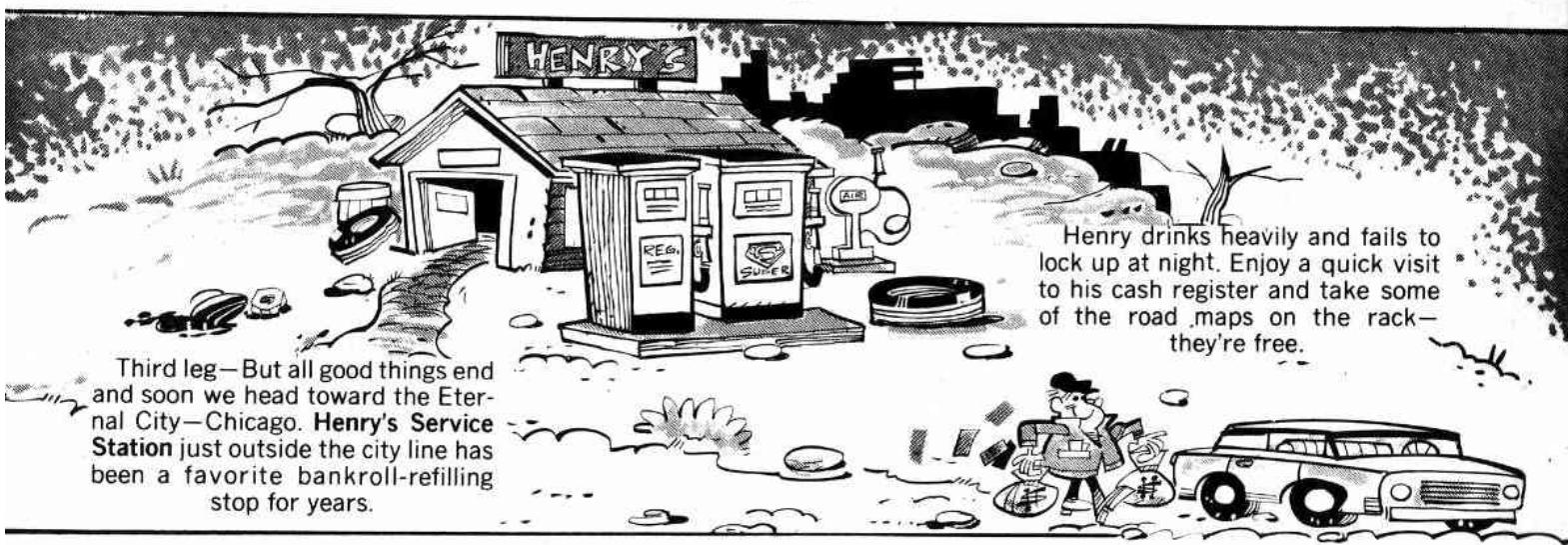




Second leg—On your first night out you'll need to relax. So try "Heat Head Hannah's Mainline Inn" on the Pennsylvania border. If you have the right questions, Hannah will supply all the dope you need.



Visit the picturesque Junkie Gardens and watch the hopheads at play. At twilight, guests gather around a roaring addict and sing songs like "My Heart Flames For You, Old Mr. Third Degree Burns."



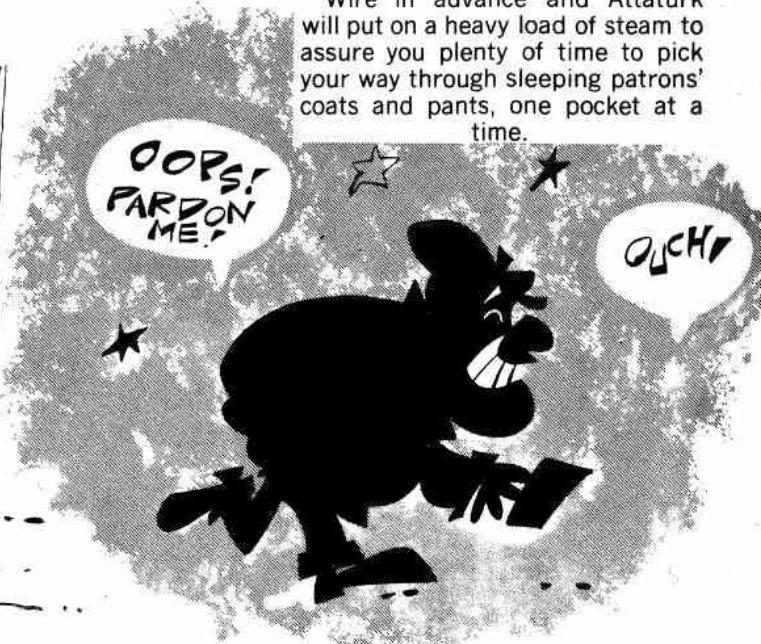
Third leg—But all good things end and soon we head toward the Eternal City—Chicago. Henry's Service Station just outside the city line has been a favorite bankroll-refilling stop for years.

Henry drinks heavily and fails to lock up at night. Enjoy a quick visit to his cash register and take some of the road maps on the rack—they're free.

Fourth leg—When you hit Des Moines you'll be tired and nearly broke. What better way to revive your flagging spirits and stock up on cash than to visit Attaturk's Turkish Bath? Attaturk is a two-time loser himself and is sympathetic to the traveling thief.



Wire in advance and Attaturk will put on a heavy load of steam to assure you plenty of time to pick your way through sleeping patrons' coats and pants, one pocket at a time.

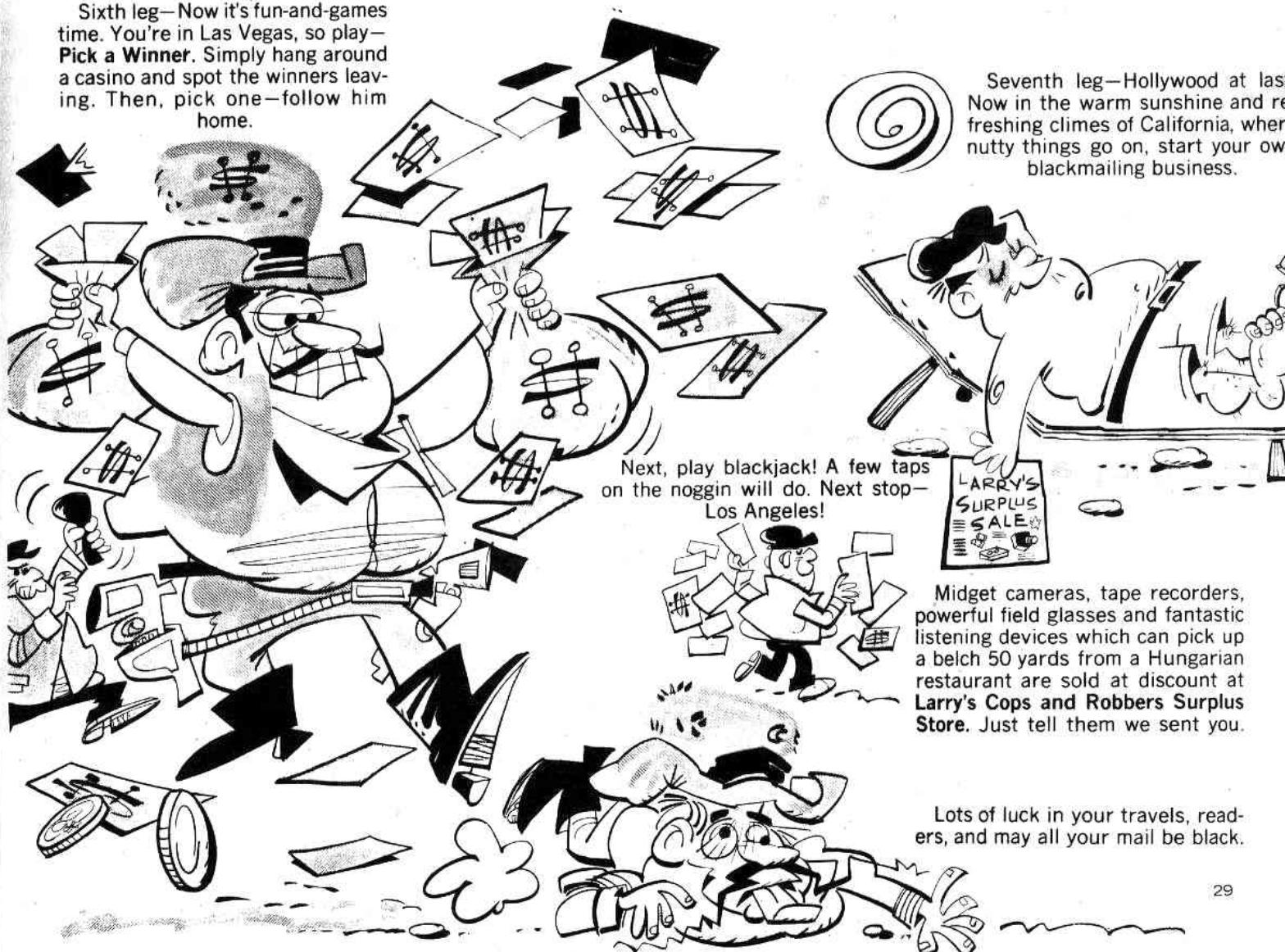


**Fifth leg**—No flight from justice is complete without a stop at **Mudlark's Half-Way House** in Denver, Colorado. A noted gathering spot for the great and near-great of the underworld, you'll see famous killers like Jarring George Washington, who achieved undying fame when he chopped down a cherry tree salesman. Yes, relax with Mudlark, a hoodlum's hoodlum.



A warning—don't interfere with the business sessions, as souvenir bullets are often distributed among nosy intruders.

**Sixth leg**—Now it's fun-and-games time. You're in Las Vegas, so play—**Pick a Winner**. Simply hang around a casino and spot the winners leaving. Then, pick one—follow him home.



**Seventh leg**—Hollywood at last. Now in the warm sunshine and refreshing climes of California, where nutty things go on, start your own blackmailing business.



Next, play blackjack! A few taps on the noggin will do. Next stop—Los Angeles!



Midget cameras, tape recorders, powerful field glasses and fantastic listening devices which can pick up a belch 50 yards from a Hungarian restaurant are sold at discount at **Larry's Cops and Robbers Surplus Store**. Just tell them we sent you.

Lots of luck in your travels, readers, and may all your mail be black.

# The Sick Scene

## IF ELECTED, I PROMISE... DEPT.

It's Leap Year and Presidential election year. And it's no coincidence. The candidates have an extra day to tell lies.

The big story this year was when Bobby Kennedy, after much deliberation, finally decided to throw his hair in the ring.

Senator Eugene McCarthy becomes annoyed when anyone hints he is getting so much campaign help from college students. However, he is considering calling his march toward nomination a "children's crusade."

Actually he could have done better except that several campaign workers failed to show up because their parents couldn't get baby-sitters for them.

The hardest fighting was being done between former friends, Kennedy and McCarthy. The party is now looking for someone whose mother didn't come from Ireland.

Kennedy, a dove-like political creature, was operating militarily against his enemies—he employs a seek out and destroy operation.

Kennedy, a Massachusetts resident who became Senator from New York, is backed by Jacqueline Kennedy, who says she'll support Bob no matter which country he wants to rule.

On the Republican side (the side with the moss growing on it), ex-Vice President Richard Nixon had been accused of playing party politics by trying to get his daughter engaged to ex-President Eisenhower's grandson. There is no truth to the rumor that they'll get wed on a golf course so Ike can witness the ceremony.

Rumor has it that Nixon has a new makeup man who'll make the GOP candidate look like Tony Curtis. With Nixon's history of luck, just when he gets to look like Tony, Curtis's new movie, *The Boston Strangler*, will be released.



Picture captions by  
Fred Wolfe



Now that you've got me alone, what do you want?

#### WELL, THAT'S LIFE DEPARTMENT

A far-sighted undertaker in Atlanta, Georgia, has opened up the first drive-in funeral parlor in the country. The bereaved may drive on up, catch a glimpse of the departed propped up in a picture window, mourn dutifully and speed off without even shifting.

The owner is quite reasonable. He charges 50 cents an hour for mourning, 75 cents on weekends with a maximum charge of \$2.50.

A young teen-age couple saw a group of cars at the place, so they drove in and parked. It was a foggy evening and they got the impression they were watching a small screen Boris Karloff movie. They said later they like the show fine, but complained that the popcorn wasn't salty enough.

#### CLEAN LINEN DEPARTMENT

A man in France complained recently that a doctor operated on him and left a towel in his innards. He proved his case by coughing up a 17-inch towel in the company (we hope) of close friends. He's a little upset now tho gh. because the same hospital reports that it is missing three sheets, a pillow-case and three paperback novels.

#### HIPPIES, YIPPIES DEPARTMENT

A more militant group of Hippies is on the rise. They call themselves Yippies and describe themselves as "fiercer-Hippies." They still hit you with flowers, but the difference is, the Yippies leave the flowers in the pots.

They have their own acting group—the LSD repertory. The other day they started their own version of a musical comedy in San Francisco, took a sugar cube intermission, and finished the play three weeks later in Memphis.

As a political unit they are for longer runways for safer landings on trips, parole of all jailed kissing bandits and mud baths. They are against bald-headed folk-singers and Mr. Clean.

Bill Majeski

# CAMPUS REPORT



*"There doesn't seem to be any mood music for doing algebra."*

A spendthrift economics professor passed on to the great beyond and in due time came to the Pearly Gates. He approached St. Pete.

Prof: I'm Prof. Snultz and I would like to be admitted to heaven.

St. Pete: What have you done to be allowed into heaven.

Prof: Like what?

St. Pete: Oh, say like charity.

Prof: I gave ten cents to the Girl Scouts in 1947.

St. Pete (turning to St. Gabriel) Hey Gabe, how 'bout Prof Snultz for ten cents to the Girl Scouts in 1947.

St. Gabe: Yep, here it is, ten cents in 1947.

St. Pete: Well what else did you do in your life besides harass students.

Prof: Well, I gave fifteen cents to the Salvation Army in 1951.

St. Pete: Gabe, Prof. Snultz fifteen cents to the Salvation Army in 51.

St. Gabe: Right here, Snultz fifteen cents in '51.

St. Pete: What else did you do?

Prof: Welllll, that it about the extent of it.

St. Pete: What do you think of his qualifications Gabe?

St. Gabe: Give him his quarter back and tell him to go to hell . . .

Prof: (pointing to a cigarette on the floor): "Jones, is this yours?"

Jones (pleasantly): "Not at all, sir, you saw it first."

A young man picked up his date over at Willard Dorm the other night, and the conversation went like this:

She: "Notice anything different about me?"

He: "Let's see . . . new hat?"

She: "No, guess again."

He: "New hairdo?"

She: "No."

He: "New dress?"

She: "No!"

He: "Well, I give up."

She: "I'm wearing a gas mask!"

The English instructor and his young wife were honeymooning at the seashore. As they walked arm in arm along the beach, the young man looked poetically out to sea and cried: "Roll on, thou deep and dark blue ocean, roll on I say!"

His bride gazed at the water for a moment, and then, in hushed, reverent tones, she gasped, "Oh, Jack, it's doing it, it's doing it!"

The father of a pretty co-ed asked her boy friend to see a boxing match over the family television set. When the boy friend arrived he brought a jug that obviously contained whiskey, and during that match he took a nip now and then. At last the father could stand it no longer.

"Young man," he said, "I'm forty-seven years old, and never in my life have I touched liquor!"

"Well, don't get any ideas, pop," the student said. "You aren't getting any of this!"

There had been an accident. It was the old thing—a college student's convertible had collided headon with the farmers Model "A." The two drivers got out and surveyed the damage.

"Well," said the farmer, "We may as well have a drink." He hauled out a bottle and passed it to the student who gulped down a stiff one.

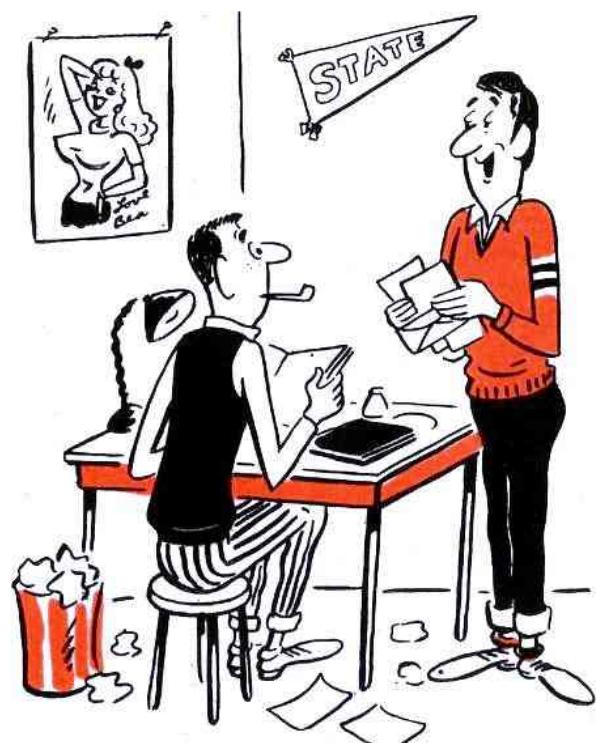
The farmer calmly returned the bottle to his pocket.

"Aren't you going to have one?" asked the BMOC.

"Don't believe I will," was the answer, "until the police have checked up."



*"Will you help me with my homework?  
I have to do a thesis on anatomy."*



*"Thanks for the paper, envelope and stamp—  
now what's your girl's address?"*



*"I can't cut classes anymore this week—  
I need the sleep."*



*"It'd take more than a semester  
to clean up his mind!"*

Heard at midterm:  
"How far are you from the  
correct answer?"  
"Two seats."

First Phi Gam: "Was it very crowded at the tavern last night?"

Second Phi Gam: "Not under my table."

"Who's there?" asked St. Peter.

"It is I," came the reply solemnly.

"Go to hell," he answered.  
"We have too many English majors already."

"Ah, I see you went to eco class today."

"How'd you know?"

"Your suit's been slept in."

There was the fellow who fell into the lens grinding machine and made a spectacle of himself.

A fraternity man lounging in a hotel lobby perked up when an attractive young lady passed by.

When his standard come-on, "How-de do?", brought nothing more than a frigid glance, he bowed sarcastically and said, "Pardon me, I thought you were my mother."

"I couldn't be," she smiled, "I'm married."

The hired girl had been sent down to the brook to fetch a pail of water but she stood gazing at the flowing stream, apparently lost in thought.

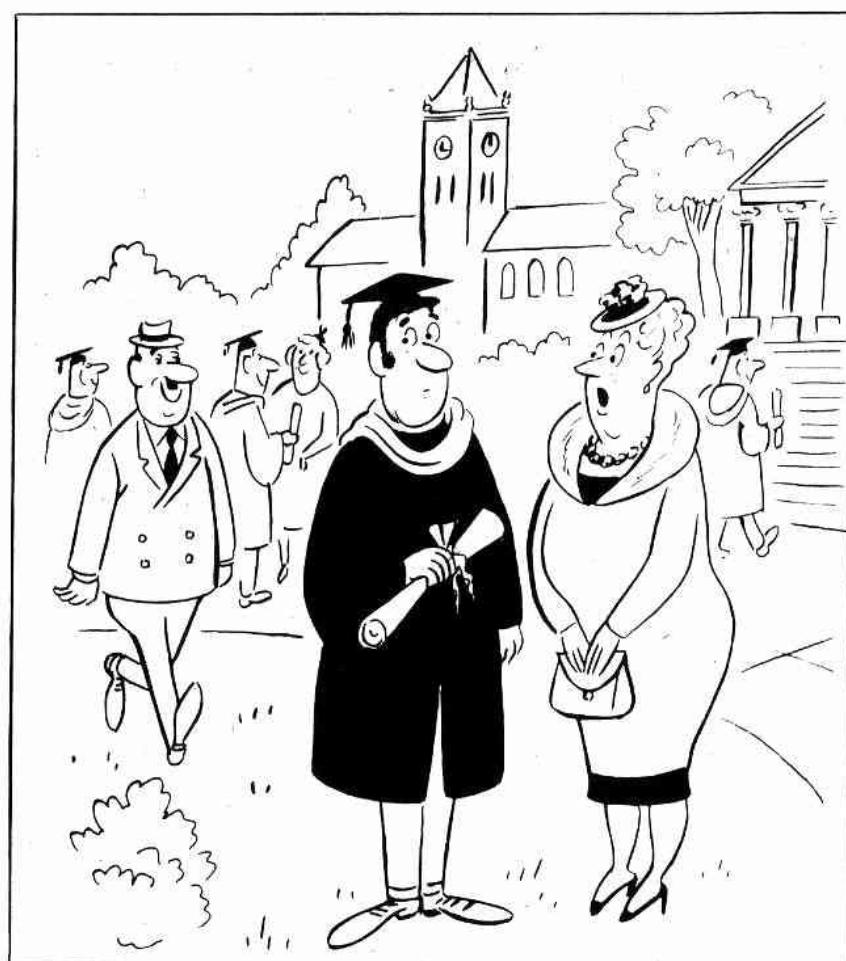
"What's she waiting for?" asked the farmer's wife, who was watching.

"Dunno," wearily replied her husband. "Mebbe she hasn't seen a pailful she likes yet."

The reason the Romans gave up their big holidays was because of the overhead. The lions ate up all their prophets.



*"Sort of takes the joy out of graduating when you remember that you have to start looking for a job."*



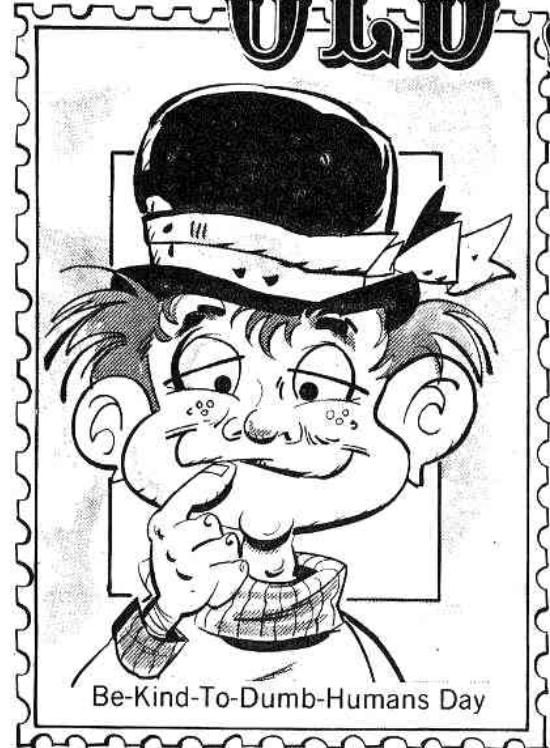
*"Here comes your father. You please, not a word about you wanting to become a disc jockey."*

Rare old stamps have always been collectors' items. SICK's rare old stamps are also collector's items—namely, garbage collectors! To show you what we mean, here are

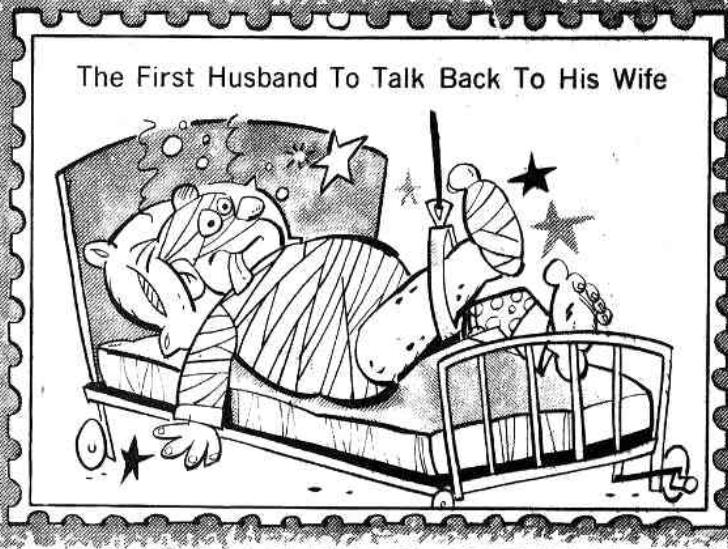
# SICK'S RARE OLD STAMPS

Art by  
Bill Kresse

Script by  
Paul Laikin



Be-Kind-To-Dumb-Humans Day



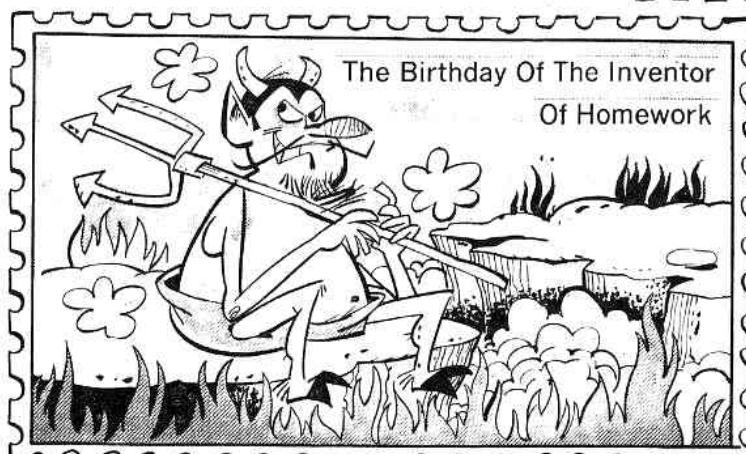
The First Husband To Talk Back To His Wife



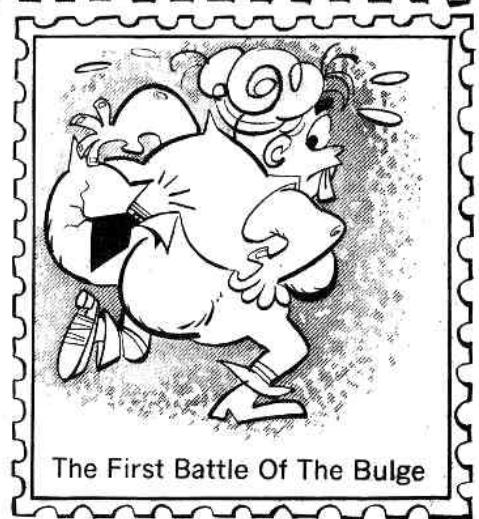
Billy The Kid's  
22nd Birthday



The Original Dance Of The Seven Veils



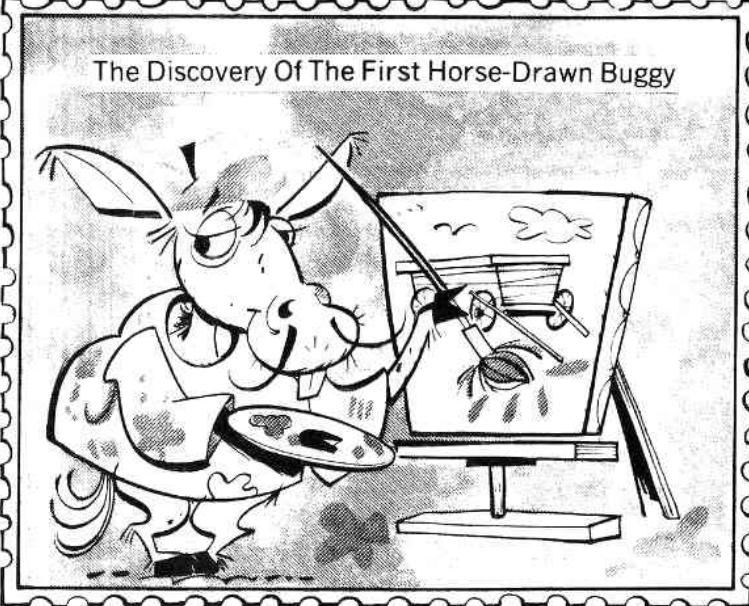
The Birthday Of The Inventor  
Of Homework



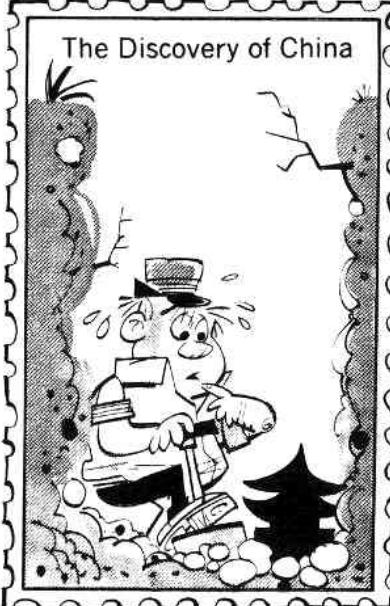
The First Battle Of The Bulge

*Bill Kresse*

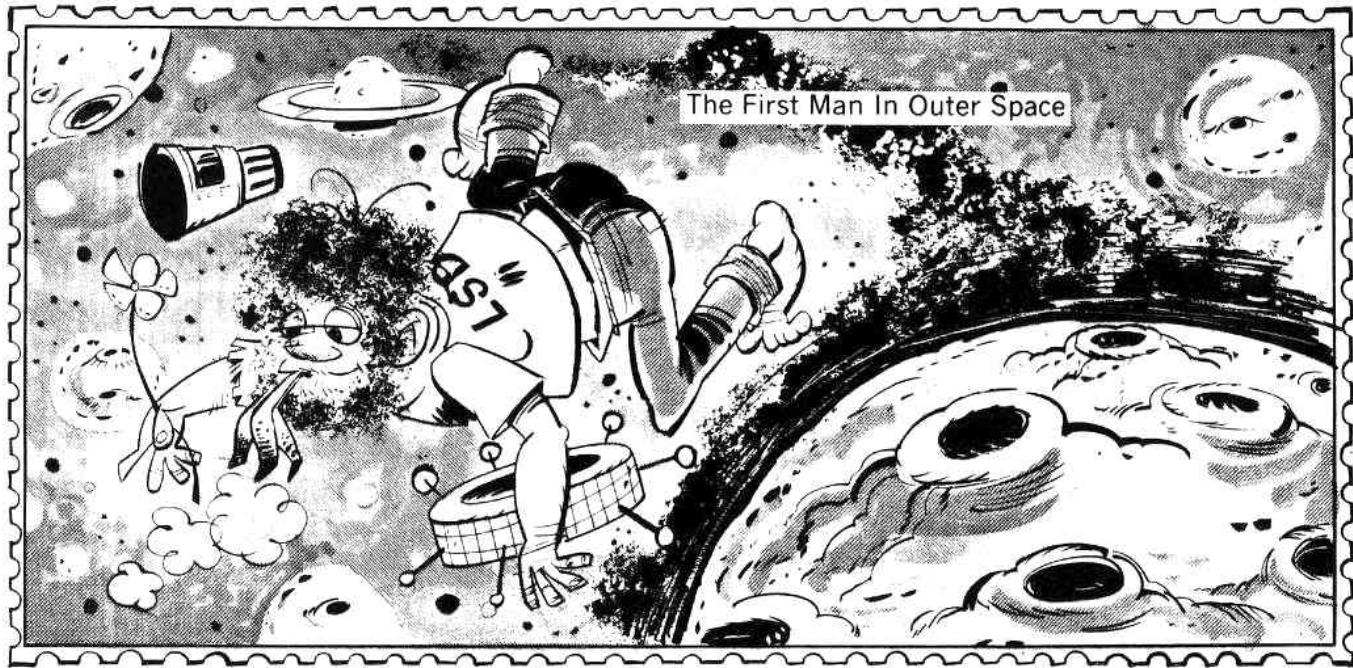
The Discovery Of The First Horse-Drawn Buggy



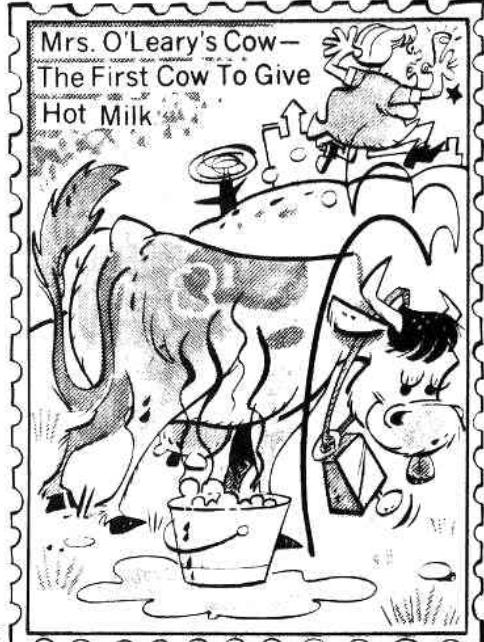
The Discovery of China



The First Man In Outer Space

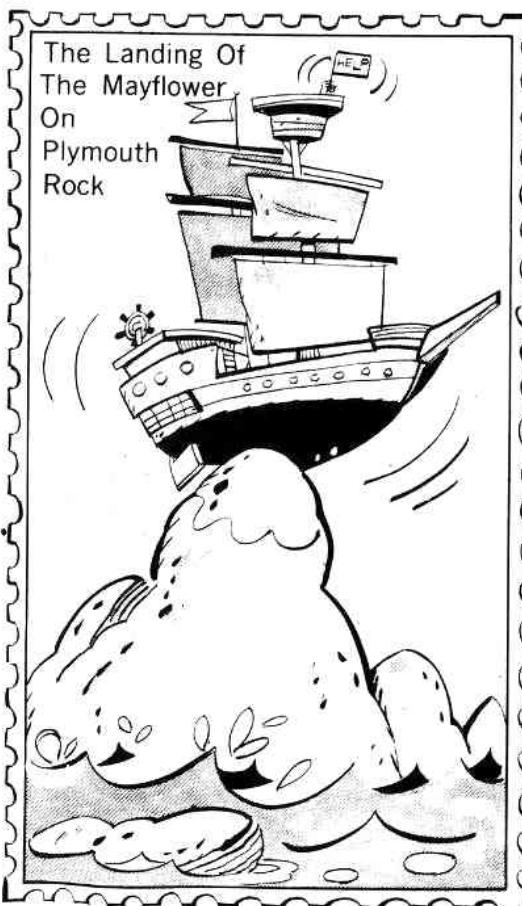
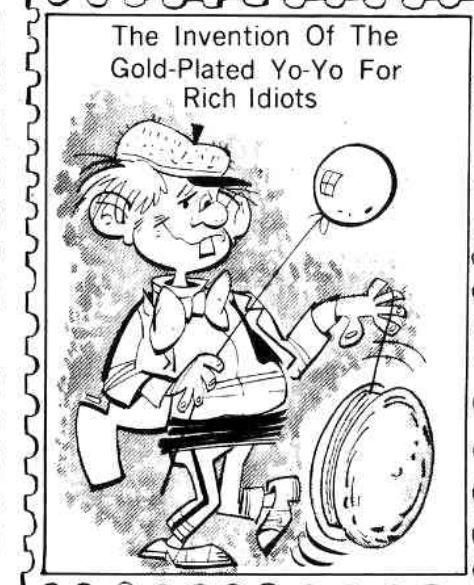
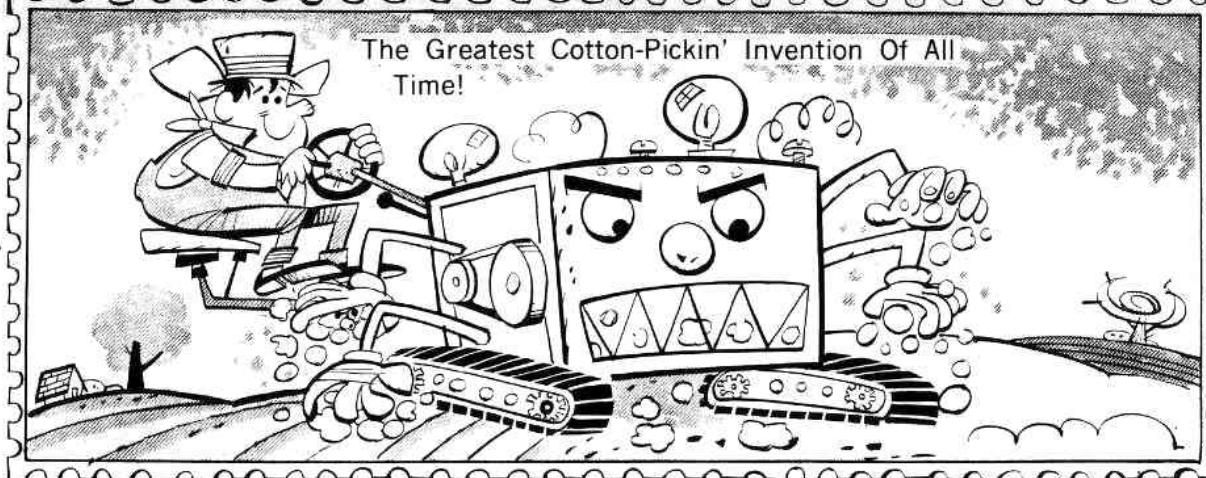


Mrs. O'Leary's Cow—  
The First Cow To Give  
Hot Milk



The First Bag Thrown Overboard At The Boston  
Tea Party





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## CULTURE...

In past issues, Sick has given you original movies, floor shows, TV skits and other theatrical presentations... In fact, we have given you everything but original magazine material... and we have always (well, maybe not always) regretted that the medium did not enable us to offer a musical concert... until now.

Now, through the magic of **SICKATUNE**, we present an original **PIANO CONCERT** by the world's top 2-piano team, who have sold over 15 million recordings—whose 50th album "50 Golden Hits" has been met with rave reviews—**WE GIVE YOU—**

# FERRANTE & TEICHER



# A PIANO CONCERT



Boy, these pants are tight. I can't understand it. They were alright yesterday.

It's funny how out there in the audience, all the people seem to look alike.

I wonder if these jackets are paid for. Let's see. October ... November ... December ... January ... yep, they're paid for.

Boy, these pants are tight.

Just look at that guy—nothing bothers him. Just give him Chinese food, and he's happy!

Gee, that's a pretty girl in the second row front. I wonder if she's married?

I wish they'd stop that coughing out there. Why don't they save this for the intermission. We save everything for intermission.

I sure enjoy playing this number. I could play it all night.

We're coming to the end now and I'm sure there's gonna be five minutes of applause.

Gosh, these pants are so loose. I wonder if I should stand up for my bow?

Funny, all those people out there look alike, but not one of them cares that I'm sitting up here with heartburn.

Why do people always ask us why we take the top off these pianos? Don't they realize, if we took the bottom off everything would fall to the floor?

I know what gave me this heartburn...the Chinese food. But, was it the Chinese food I had for breakfast, or the Chinese food I had for lunch?

One thing about Chinese food. An hour after you eat it, your pants get loose.

Gee, that's a pretty girl in the second row up front. I wonder if she likes Chinese food?

If I don't get something to eat during intermission, I'll die—and I'd hate to be buried in this ridiculous jacket

If I have to play this number one more time, I'll fall asleep.

I don't know why we play this number...it never gets much applause. Besides, I'll never be able to stand up for my bow with these loose pants.





Hi Fellas! I need a penpal. Care to help me out? I'm 14, brown hair, green eyes, a good figure, and I'm 5'4". I dig the Monkees, Raiders, U.F.O.s and flower power. I hate school, phonies, and boredom. I'd love to have your pictures, but I'll answer everybody, especially boys. Nikki Neal, 4025 Yellowstone St., Irving Texas 75060

Wanted: Sexy girls for penpals. Must be long haired, very curvy, between 13-15, and live somewhere in the Galaxy of the Milky Way. I'm brown haired and eyed. 5'2" and really groovy. I like girls, horses, rifles, guitars, and most of all traveling. Don't forget to send a photo. Write soon, Ed Lefrak, 8 Oakdale Drive, Westbury, N.Y. 11590

Wanted: Girl about 5'2" from 13-15. I'm 5'9", brown hair, blue eyes, and very sexy. I like the Boors and Monkees, football, dancing and a stroll in the park. Ralph Whaley, P.O. Box 963, San Junto, Colorado 81050

Boy 15 would like female penpal, about 5'7", blond hair or black hair. Must really be hip! Rod Corbin, 185 Rowland Ave., Mansfield, Ohio

Wanted: Female penpal ages 12-14. Must have good figure, and great personality. Send picture if possible. My description: age 14, 5'10", brown hair, likes skiing, cars, girls, pop music, and far out art. Chris Blake, 1838 W. Coolidge Ave., Altadena, Cal. 91001

Hello! I'm looking for a person of the opposite sex, Male. I'm cute, have light brown hair, very green eyes, 5'5", and my weight is, well, none of your business! I'd write back to anyone except "Dear Randy". Age limit is 13 to 16. Pictures Please! Dawn Pauesick, 805 E. Country Lane, Collinsville, Ill. 62234

Wanted: Girl or boy penpal from 10-13. My age is 11, I have long brown hair, hazel eyes, 6'5". I love rock n' roll, Monkees, and others. Kathie Gillette, 3101 N. Adams St., Woodbridge, Va. 22191

17 year old male would like some 15-16 year old cute blonde or brunette females to send a few lines to me. I'm 5'10", have long brown hair, brown eyes. All letters will be answered. I love surfing, fast music, and Girls. John Sikonowiz, 2 Petre Drive, Auburn, N.Y. 13021.

Attention all you poor lonely Service Men in Viet Nam. If you're under 25 years old, unattached and lonely, write me and I'll try to make you a little happier. I am 16, 5'6", have dark brown hair and eyes. Marie Frigault, East Bolling Street, Monticello, Arkansas 71655.

This concerns all you males out there who are between the ages of 17-20. You must love freaking out at love-ins and be-ins. You must also love peace rallies. I am 17 years old, 5'8", brown hair, blue eyes. If you write, enclose a picture. Sue Fox, 8716 Brickyard Road, Potomac, Maryland 20854.

Wanted: Female type female 13 or 14 years old. I am 14, 5'8", have brown hair and blue eyes. Please send picture. I will answer any and all that write. Craig Trager, 411 6th Ave., N.E., Belmond, Iowa 50421.

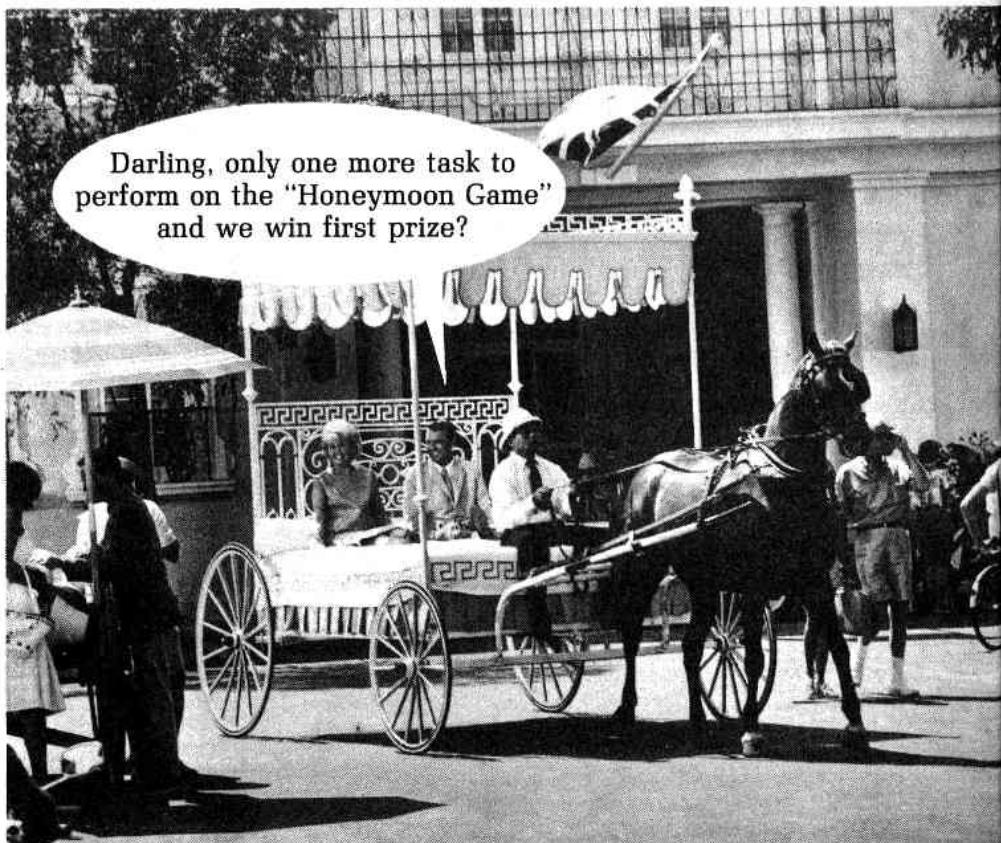
I would like any girl pen pal from 14 to 17, but boys will do. I am a 17 year old boy who plays drums in a Rock 'n Roll band called the Extacy. I would like pen pals from anywhere in the world or U.S. John Webb, Gordon, W. Va. 25093.

Wanted!! Pretty girls 20 to 25 who want to meet above average looking male 23. 6'1", 180 lbs., brown hair and eyes. Five years in navy, currently serving on patrol boats in Vietnam. Due to report for duty in Newport, Rhode Island in April, 1968. All girls in that area who meet the standards and like soul and mood music, and dig dancing, WRITE!! All letters answered, send photo to: Michael A. Turley BM3 Cos Div 16, crew 73A, Box 280, F.P.O. San Francisco, Calif. 96696

How would you like to write to a cool guy who has spanish blood, and who is one heck of a character. Seriously, I'm looking for penpals, preferably girls but will gladly receive some from guys. I live in the South, Texas as a matter of fact. I'm 19, 5'7", hazel eyes, black hair, med. dark complexion. I'm sports minded as well, as well as girl minded. I attended Texas A&M for nearly a year before joining the service. I am stationed at Fort Devons, Mass. Pvt. Ignacio Saucedo, PA 15845192, Co. D USASATR, Ft. Devons, Mass. 01433

I am a G.I. who has just been sent from Viet Nam to Okinawa. In April I will be going back to the States. I am twenty-two, stand 5'10", weigh 180, have brown hair and blue eyes. My hometown is Japlin, Missouri. I like country and western music, Mustangs, Corvettes, and girls. SSG Otis C. Rush, 267th Cml. Co., A.P.O. San Francisco, California 96331

A lonely serviceman would appreciate any correspondence with females 16-25. I'm 19, 6', brown eyes and hair, enjoy swimming, bowling, dating, and anything else that's fun. David Bingham, F.A., B83-09-85, Box 24 sec. 222 class 392, Submarine school base New London, Groton Conn. 06342



15 years old, 5'9" boy in Canton, Illinois 61520 welcomes all penpals, domestic or foreign. Speaks German, English, and a smattering of Japanese. Regular letters or tape recordings 3-3 1/4" reels only. Alan Froehling, 54 N. 7th Avenue, Canton, Ill. 61520

Girls: I am an 18 year old typical Aussie youth. I am 5'10" and have all the characteristics of an ideal guy. Handsome, well built, and fab. tan. I would like to write to a typical American girl with the sort of personality, looks, and intelligence a guy likes. My interests revolve around sports in general. Write to John Nowicki, 24 Porter Street, Collie, Western Australia 6225

I am 15 years old, 5'8", and have brown hair with eyes to match. I would like to have a female penpal between the ages of 13-15. I like football, basketball, girls, all mod music and have a good sense of humor. PLEASE write to me. Bobby Wertz, 75 Winslow St., Riverside, R.I. 02915.

Now Is The Time for all girls to come to the aid of their country. Hi! I'm a lonely guy in the special forces of the U.S.A. Navy. (Black Berets) who gets his kicks by parachuting behind enemy lines and rice paddies at night trying to destroy the enemy. I'm 19, 5'10", 150 lbs., and I love to surf, skydive, box, play football and scubadive. A.A. Les Letmer, B53-64-56, U.S.S. Intrepid CVS-11, 52M-Div., F.P.O. N.Y., N.Y. 09501

Wanted, Desired, etc.: Male or anything that closely resembles one. I am a female type girl. The All-American, All-Israeli, All-British, All-Anything type. I like all types of music, long walks through the woods in Spring and Autumn, discotheques, dances, surfing, swimming, love-ins, sit-ins, and protesting for a good cause. Any religion preferred. My hair color: Brown; eyes: on you baby! Believe that males should have top priority. Sandi Bailey, 3950 Suitland Road, Suitland, Maryland, 20023. For tigers who live close by call, 568-5436.

Wanted: Pen pal any age, male or female or otherwise. Likes: Comic books, sleeping, eating, T.V., radio, records, our boys in Viet Nam, people, dogs, Sick, Avis Buttons. Hates: Day-Camp T-Shirts, school, warm places, belching, younger brothers, older sisters, noisy neighbors when you try to sleep. Please write to Richard Pileggi, 2214 East 2nd St., Brooklyn, N.Y. 11223.

Wanted: Pen Gals from anywhere to communicate with a lonely Marine. I like girls, all sports, Viet Nam, Sick mag. and civilian life. I live in Phila., Pa. Will write to all. PFC Mark L. Carroll, 2346821 HTS Co. Comm., 3rd Bn, 7th Marines, c/o FPO San Fran., Cal. 96602.

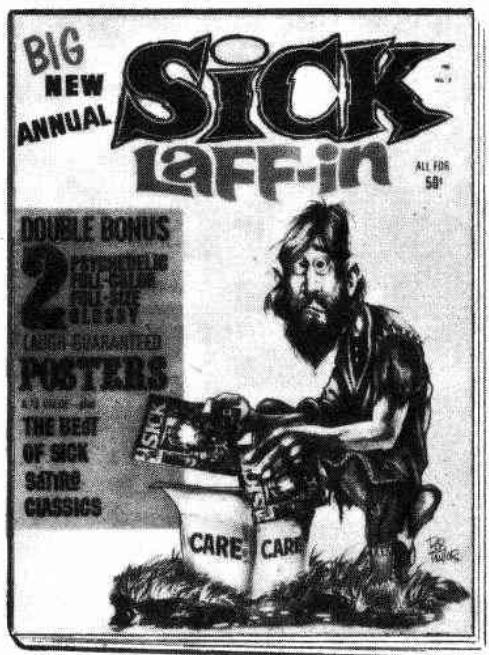
I want a penpal because I am very lonely. Sometimes I talk to myself. Write to: Roy Allen Flood, 1644 Hum Boldt, Chicago, Illinois.



Have you any suggestions?

Yes—"Head and Shoulders."

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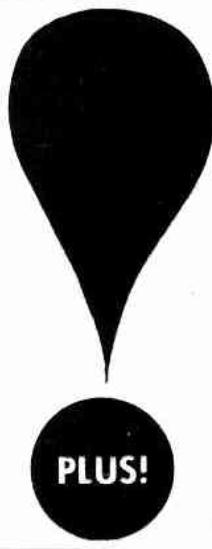
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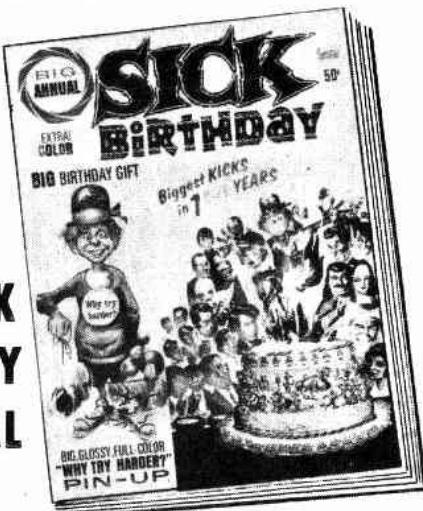
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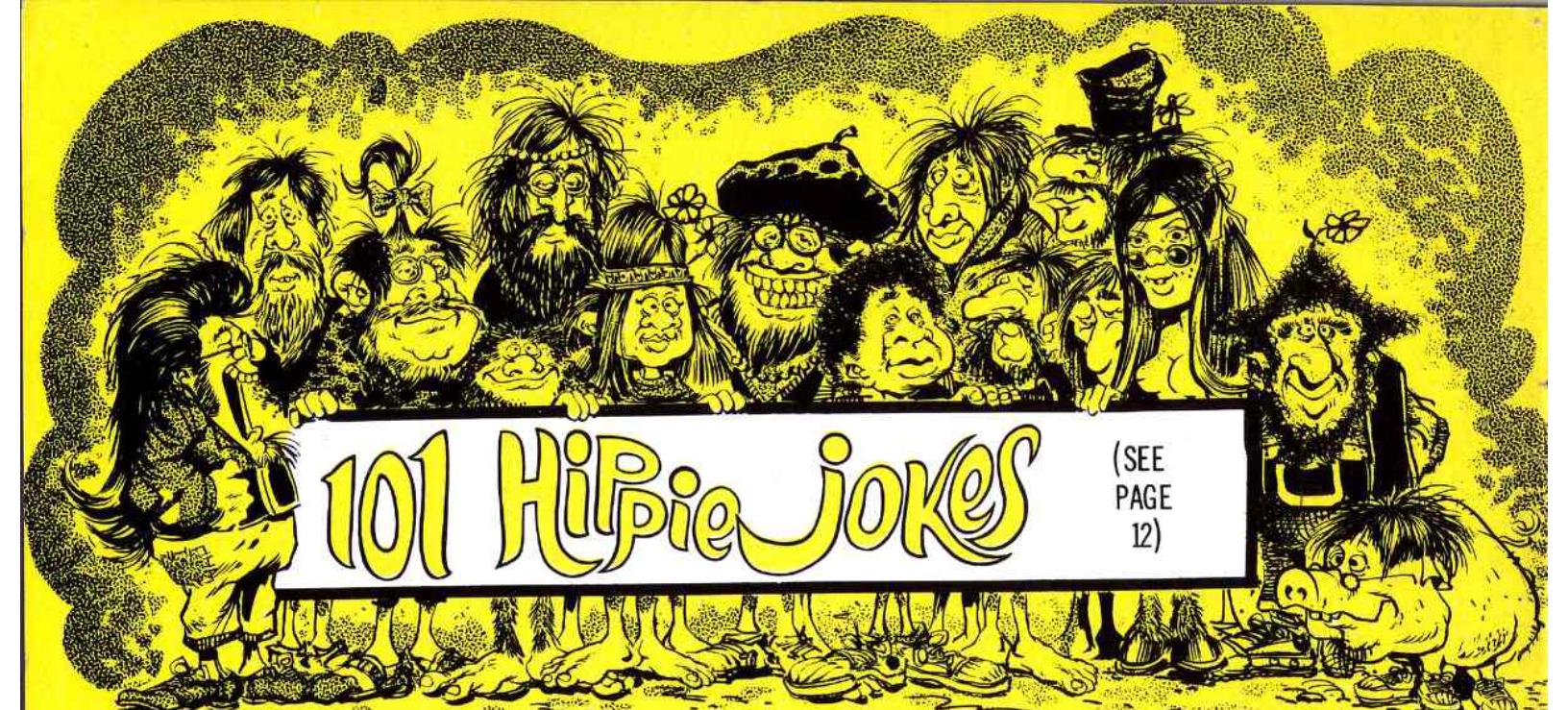
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**SICK**



# 101 Hippie Jokes

(SEE  
PAGE  
12)

How do you get a hippie out of town?  
You put up a sign "Keep Your City Clean"!

What happens to the garbage from hippie pads?  
They serve it in hippie restaurants!

How do you strike a hippie's acquaintance?  
You punch his acquaintance in the mouth!

Why do hippies believe in love before 15?  
That's about the size of an audience they like!

Why did the hippie girl have twins?  
She had been out on a double date!

Why did the hippie fire his mother who worked for him as a maid?  
She stole!

What is dirtier than a dirty coal miner?  
A clean hippie!

What made the writer and publisher of this magazine hippies?  
After it was published they both turned on one another!

Why did the hippie refuse the last cigarette from the leader of the firing squad?  
He was trying to cut down on his smoking!

Why did the hippie ask the waiter for LSD sugar cubes in his coffee?  
He wanted it "to go"!

What has 1800 legs and only one mind?  
A hippie Love-In!

If all the hippies were laid end to end, what would you have?  
A sit-in!

What does a hippie do when a black cat crosses his path?  
He treats him the same as a white person!

What happened when the hippie kissed a cow on the foot?  
He got hoof and mouth disease!

How do you keep a hippie from scratching his beard?  
You cut off his fingers!

How does a hippie keep a cold in the head from dropping to his chest?  
He ties a knot around his neck!

What do you have when a bunch of hippies congregate together?  
Air pollution!

How does a cop save a hippie from committing suicide?  
He doesn't!

Why did the hippie take LSD while holding an umbrella?  
In case it rained on the trip!

If two hippies are company and three is a crowd, what are four hippies?  
An orgy!

In essence, what is the Hippie Movement?  
From his pad to the street corner and back!